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## THE LAST INDIAN MAIL

SINCE we last took up the pen to address our readers on the one great subject of the day, the telegraph news has been enriched and modified by the regular mails. It is to be regretted that the periodical telegrams are not more carefully compiled, since every fortnight the anxiety of the public is painfully raised and lowered three or four times over before it knows what truths and facts it can safely settle down upon.

The last mail is exactly of a nature to leave men's judgments uneasy. There is something for the hopeful man; something for the despondent man; and, we fear, a little for the peace-mongering and cautioning quack. The situation is undoubtedly grave; and one is tempted to think that the next mail must be more decided, though every mail in turn has been looked forward to with the same hope. In the interval, the Indian letters afford abundant food for speculation, and on what other question of the day would anybody speculate in preference?

One of last week's telegrams gave us a mournful account of Havelock. He was said to have "retired." Most fortunately, before the mail left, it was known that this retirement (to Cawnpore) had been very temporary. Freed from his wounded, and somewhat reinforced, the stout General was on his way to Lucknow, and was to arrive there on the 8th of August. By common consent the public seem to have fixed on this officer as the representative of their best hopes. He was striking everywhere, like a high-bred falcon. He had scattered to the winds by his utter defeat of Nena Sahib whatever prestige that villain might have acquired among his countrymen by murder. He was thus preventing the formation of anything like a regular native army under that blood-stained banner. So that the contest still continues, not a war, but a succession of castigations of revolts—of revolts forming themselves into nucleus, which never ripen into armies. It is the General's rapidity which is the sign of his greatness. That has just been the quality most precious from the first; for wherever there has been a failure, there will be found to have been procrastination.

At Dinapore, for instance—the events at which occupy such a disastrous prominence this mail—a wretched delay of the old Meerut pattern seems to have taken place. Three weeks before, the merchants of Calcutta had begged from Government the disarmament of the Dinapore troops, and had shown how it might be achieved. Their application was unattended to, and the disaffection left to spread itself. People in the East are puzzled how to account for the later mutinies, just as our luck was turning, and the original force of the mutinous spirit seemed to have spent itself. Now, the Eastern folk have proved that they know as little of the minds of the natives as if they had never stirred out of Bermondsey. But certain plain facts are obvious—for one, that the more you seem timid or trustful with sepoys, the more likely they are to cut your throat. And hence we think it probable that the Dinapore scoundrels thought us afraid to disarm them. The way we set about it at last was calculated to confirm them in the belief. The delicate business was dawdled over in a way that almost implies personal cowardice on the part of the commanding officer. When once the mutiny had taken place, the pursuit was delayed; and, finally, we had the wretched step by which many score of gallant Englishmen were

caught in an ambuscade. Fortunately, Arrah has been relieved since that time, by Vincent Eyre, a set-off against one consequence of the Dinapore affair. But we need not say that the element of confusion and interruption of route introduced by this last mutiny is a serious addition to the difficulties of our small forces. It is not the time to discuss failures of system, yet. But it is as well to point out, in passing, the culpable neglect which appears to have prevailed at Dinapore, and even to have been shown by Government towards the dangers of Dinapore. Would that the artillery so usefully employed for a time there in cutting down the

most recent accounts show a considerable distrust of government on the part of the mercantile community, and the "address" agreed on by the "British inhabitants," is a very serious and painful document. To be sure, we cannot expect this class to show much tenderness towards the Company. The opposition shown by the Company to all enterprise apart from that of their own servants, is one of the most notorious circumstances of British-Indian social history. Besides, mercantile life in Calcutta now may be said to be broken up. Mercantile men are under arms, patrolling the streets as volunteers, and not disinclined to grumble at a power which after a hundred years has

failed to make British life and property secure from the hands of people in British pay. The newspapers also betray by their tone their want of regard for a Government whose first step was an attack on their freedom in a way which seemed to involve an imputation on their honour. We may be sure, then, that from Calcutta, at present, we hear the worst of things. And we are bound to say that charity to the Government requires that supposition. In such a struggle as is going on, our men have even (as last letters show) to complain of Commissariat arrangements! Bad food has been served out at Berhampore to men with such doings before them as is now the lot of our soldiers in India.

The Bombay news is dubious, for there was a whisper of there having been another mutiny besides that of the 27th Infantry. But we are left quite uncertain about this, as far as we yet know, and it is allowable to hope that as no infection whatever was a great deal to hope, so an infection which did not spread widely in a fortnight, was not of a very deadly character. But it is the safest consolation to think that reinforcements are now arriving in masses, and that following upon the splendid achievements of our little bands, they will awe the whole country. This is the real cornerstone of hope. It is useless to argue about the extinction of a movement of which no man knows the causes, and which was totally unforeseen by the authorities whose business it was to guard the empire. The Russian war ought to have taught us that military struggles are inevitably successions of good and bad news, in which he who prophecies will be disappointed to-morrow, and in which the only safe plan is to prepare for the worst. This last moral is even coming home to our Government in England. Troops are now, we are told, to be sent overland, a scheme pronounced by the Premier, weeks ago, to be "attended with difficulties," as if anything of the sort were without "difficulties" anywhere. Had this been resolved on earlier, Havelock might have had a few thousand perfectly fresh soldiers under him, at this moment. As it is resolved on now, let us hope that tardiness of design will be made up for by rapidity of execution.

We are anxious not to be over confident, and till next mail we advise readers to restrain their sanguineness as well as they can. The great and hopeful feature is, that whereas Englishmen are everywhere springing up who display prodigies of valour—the revolted ruffians are without leaders, without pluck, and with failing resources in the ammunitions of war. This movement of theirs, in short, which was to show that the English ought not to govern the Hindoos, is just showing that by their superior brains, courage, and skill, they are the very fellows who ought to govern them for ever. We know no arrangement of nations which Providence ever permitted on any other,



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAVELOCK.

continuous sepoys on the Ganges had been set to work a little earlier! Here, again, we have had a proof how important is that grand moral quality of swift self-decision, and how much depends on one man's head and heart. Lately, in all departments of life, there has been a tendency to smother individual energy under too much "system," which is all very well at home, where we can stand fools a good deal, but does not do in regions swarming with treacherous, rascally, and blood-thirsty barbarians.

There is this one painful fact to be gathered from the last mail, that the Calcutta people felt danger drawing closer to them. The



principles. And though we have certainly made fools of ourselves in some matters of government (one chief blunder being a too great trust in the creatures to be governed), we shall take a lesson from our reverses, and hope to do better (under an entirely different "system") by and by.

#### BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAVELOCK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAVELOCK, who has given England another name to be proud of was born at Bishop's Wearmouth in 1795. His father, who made a fortune in commerce, sent him to the Charterhouse, where, among others who afterwards proved famous in arts and arms, he had as his contemporary Sir W. Macnaughten, whose unfortunate expedition to Cabul fills so important a page of Indian story. His education completed, Mr. Havelock was entered of the Middle Temple; but the law was (luckily) to lose him. He had an elder brother, William. William Havelock was a soldier; and the distinction he gained in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, seems to have turned the current of Henry Havelock's ambition to more stirring fields of fight than those afforded by the courts. Assisted by his brother's interest, he was appointed second-lieutenant in the rifle brigade (95th) shortly after the battle of Waterloo. The soldier known afterwards as Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal, was then captain of this regiment.

Having served for eight years at home, Havelock at length exchanged into the 18th Light Infantry, and embarked for India in 1823. In the following year the first Burmese war broke out, and Havelock was present at several actions. He was afterwards associated with Captain Lumsden and Dr. Knox on a mission to the Court of Ava. The year 1827 saw him promoted to be Adjutant of the Military Depot formed at Chinsurah by Lord Combermere. This establishment, however, was soon after broken up, and Havelock returned to his regiment. It was not till 1838, when he had served twenty-three years as a subaltern, that Havelock was promoted to a company. An army was now collected for the invasion of Afghanistan, and he accompanied it on the staff of Sir Wiloughby Cotton. He went through the first Afghan campaign—was present at the storming of Ghunzee and the occupation of Cabul.

Afterwards, the Eastern Ghilziees having risen and blockaded Cabul, Havelock was sent to join Sir R. Sale, and was present at the forcing of Khoord Cabul pass, at the action of Tezen, and all the other engagements of that force till it reached Jellalabad. In conjunction with Major Macgregor and Captain Broadfoot, he had the direction, under Sale, of the memorable defence of that place, from which he wrote all the despatches. In the final attack on Mahomed Akbar, in April, 1842, which obliged that chief to raise the siege, Havelock commanded the right column, and defeated him before the other columns could come up. For this he was promoted to a Brevet Majority, and was made Companion of the Bath. He was then nominated Persian interpreter to General Pollock (a post which he had previously occupied on the staff of General Elphinstone), and was present at the action of Mamoo Keil, and the second engagement at Tezen. He afterwards proceeded with Sir John Macaskill's force into the Kohistan, and had an important share in the affair at Istidif. The next year he was promoted to a regimental majority, and nominated Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir H. (Stewart) Vane. He was then sent to the battle of Maharajpore. Next year he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel by brevet. In 1845, he proceeded with the army to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, and was actively engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobroon. At Moodkee, he had two horses shot under him; at Sobroon, a third horse was smitten down by a cannon shot, which passed through his saddle-cloth. On the conclusion of the Sutlej campaign, he was appointed Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops at Bombay. The second Sikh war now broke out, and proved fatal to his brother. Colonel W. Havelock (of the 14th Dragoons), one of the most daring and enterprising officers of the British army, fell by the side of Brigadier-General Curzon at Ramnuggur. Henry Havelock's own regiment, the 53rd, having been ordered into the field, he quitted the staff employment at Bombay, in order to join it, and had proceeded as far as Indore, when his further progress was countermanded, and he returned to his post.

Twenty-five years of laborious service now began to tell on his constitution, and his medical advisers, in 1849, sent him to Europe for two years for the restoration of his health. He returned to Bombay in 1851, and was soon after made Brevet-Colonel, and appointed, by Lord Hardinge (by whose side he had fought in three battles of the Sutlej), Quartermaster-General, and then Adjutant-General, of the Queen's troops in India. On the despatch of the expedition to Persia, he was appointed to the second division, and commanded the troops at Mohammerah, the glory of which action was, however, reserved for the naval force. Peace concluded, he returned to Bombay, and embarked in the *Erin* for Calcutta, in which vessel he was wrecked, in April last, off the coast of Ceylon. Five days after, he obtained a passage in the *Fire Queen*, and, on reaching Calcutta, was immediately sent up to Allahabad as Brigadier-General, to command the movable column, with which he has now, in three decisive actions, defeated the arch-villain whose portrait is also to be found in the present number of the "Illustrated Times." Through all his campaigns, Havelock has come unscathed. He has been engaged in above a score of actions, and has never yet been wounded.

Brigadier-General Havelock, among other services to his country, has contributed to its literature. He has published a "Memoir of the Afghan Campaign," a "History of the Ava Campaign," &c. In 1827 he was married to a daughter of the late Dr. Marshman, of Serampore.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

THE Emperor, his camp at Châlons, and his approaching interview with the Emperor of Russia, are the main topics in the French journals. The Emperor was to leave the camp on Wednesday, and to arrive at Stuttgart on the 25th. He was to be accompanied on his journey to Germany by Prince Joachim Murat; Count Walewski was not to be of the party. The Empress will not accompany her husband, but will remain at Biarritz until the 30th.

The Duke of Cambridge has been on a visit to the camp at Châlons. Some important military operations were represented in his honour.

Seventeen important commercial firms of Bordeaux have addressed a letter to the Chamber of Commerce of that town, in which they request the latter to endeavour to obtain from the French Government the despatch of an armed force sufficient to protect Pondicherry, Chandernagor, Haikal, and Mahé from a possible outbreak of the natives. One passage of this letter runs thus:—"England, absorbed in the defence of her own territory, can no longer grant to our territory the protection imposed on her by treaties." The trade of Bordeaux is deeply interested in the tranquillity of French India.

We still hear of resolutions taken by the general councils of the departments in favour of the Suez Canal. It is said that the Government, after having collected the opinions of these corporations, will apply to Austria for her good services at the Court of St. James's, in order to change the views of the British Cabinet with regard to the canal.

#### SPAIN.

THE Ministers have offered their resignation to the Queen, who has refused to accept it. The "Times" correspondent opines that the Ministry were driven to this step by the intrigues of "the Palace." "In presence of this occult and mischievous power, every political party has in turn declared that government in Spain is impossible. It is the continuation of the old system of Camarillas. The *entourage*, the private friends and confidential coteries of the Queen, of the King, and of the favourite of the day, are continually working for ends of their own, and the attainment of these ends frequently involves the overthrow of the Government. To these unscrupulous back-stairs intriguers no means come amiss."

An order of the Government has been promulgated, permitting the free import of corn into the ports of the kingdom.

#### AUSTRIA.

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR has communicated a circular despatch to Count Bialy, on the affairs of the Island of Perim. It is stated that the English Government proves in this despatch its right to the island, and declares that it will not be given up.

The "Times" correspondent at Vienna says,—"Positive information has now reached me that steps were not long since taken for bringing about an interview between the Emperors of Austria and Russia. The person who mediated was a member of the Royal Family of Wurtemberg, and for a time it was believed that his endeavours to effect a reconciliation between the two potentates would be successful, but eventually it was found that the Court of Russia could not resolve to let by-gones be by-gones."

#### RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia is progressing toward Stuttgart. The Empress, who with her family is at Darmstadt, is suffering from feebly health, and her physicians rigidly enjoin the most complete repose. Her going to Stuttgart, therefore, is out of the question. Of course.

Bloody battles are said to be constantly taking place between the Russians and Circassians. One occurred recently, we hear, between 35,000 Tcherkesses and from 20,000 to 24,000 Russians. On the Russian side between 4,000 and 5,000 men were placed *hors de combat*. The Tcherkesses had 883 killed.

In a manifesto from the Emperor, the landowners are, we read, to be invited to come to an arrangement with their peasants relative to the emancipation of the latter. The contract between the owners and the peasants must contain the three clauses:—1. The land appropriated to each peasant to be farmed on the payment of rent must be sufficient for his existence and for that of his family. 2. The peasants must undertake not to leave, at least for the present, the lands they now occupy. 3. The payment of the taxes due to the State must be guaranteed. The other clauses of the arrangement are to be left to the free will of the contracting parties. The emancipation is to take place at three successive periods; one to be occupied with preparatory measures; the second with the executive measures; and the third with the definitive arrangements, to be confirmed by law.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE Norwegian Storting has accepted without opposition the proposal to nominate the Crown Prince of Sweden regent during the King's illness. The committee of the Swedish Parliament recommended the proposal to the Parliament by a majority of 18 votes to 5.

#### ITALY.

THE Sardinian Government, it is rumoured, is about to dissolve the Chambers, and order new elections.

Fears are entertained of new disturbances at Leghorn. "The garrison," says a letter from Florence, in the "Corriere Mercantile," "is constantly on the *qui vive*, as a rumour is current that the 17th is fixed upon for a fresh attempt. The number of persons that are to be tried amounts to about 70; they are nearly all confined in the citadel of Pisa, but it is not known when the trial is to take place."

#### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

M. THOUVENEL and M. Boutevill have had an audience of the Sultan, to announce the resumption of diplomatic relations. France and Russia being thus conciliated, we do not hear a word about Prussia and Piedmont, who, it appears, follow quietly in the wake, and attract no particular attention.

No fewer than 14 merchants have been declared insolvent at the Exchange at Constantinople. Nearly all of them are Greeks, who had been speculating excessively in corn.

There was a report that the Prince of Montenegro had been assassinated, but this is now denied.

The result of the elections in Moldavia is known. Out of eighty-seven electoral districts, sixty-six have pronounced in favour of the union. Fifteen are undecided, and six are anti-unionists.

#### CHINA.

A COUNCIL of War was assembled early in July, when it was resolved that until a much larger military force arrived it would not be possible to keep Canton, although its capture might be easily effected by the joint operations of the naval and military forces at present at Hong Kong. Soon after the deliberations were over, a steamer arrived with grave news from Bengal; and this determined the Earl of Elgin's resolution to proceed at once to Calcutta, and to send to the assistance of the Governor-General of India all the military forces destined for China.

The rebels and imperialists have had more hard fighting in the neighbourhood of Canton. The former were victorious; and it was said that Yeh began to fear for the city itself.

The Hakhas of Kowong and six other districts have united, and are burning and destroying wherever they go. Canton is the great point of escape to, and there the poor starving wretches of the surrounding districts congregate by thousands—men, women, and children. Temporary mat sheds have been erected for them at Cho Fou on the south of the river, and there are daily doings out of congee and rice, supplied by the authorities, in quantities just sufficient to ward off dissolution. The general condition of the city is reported to be very sad.

#### AMERICA.

THE panic at New York appears to have subsided, but several new failures are reported. Several country banks of small circulation have failed.

The President has recognised Mr. Kortright as Consul of her Majesty for Pennsylvania. The British Consul of New York has not yet asked to be officially recognised.

The Washington correspondent of the "New York Times" says that if the final action of England in the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty question is not received before Congress meets, a new treaty will be negotiated.

The difficulty with New Grenada, relating to the claims of American citizens, has been adjusted between Secretary Cass and General Herran.

The American Consul at Hong Kong has written to the State Department denying the statement that he took any part with the British in the attack on Canton, or compromised his neutrality.

#### BRITISH AMERICA.

A MONTREAL paper gives currency to a rumour that Governor-General Head was about to return, and that Sir William Eyre would be recalled to take a command in India.

A serious riot occurred on Sunday evening, Aug. 30th, near St. John's, New Brunswick, between gangs of Irish and German railway labourers. The contest was provoked by an Irishman, who insulted a German, for which he was knocked down. In less than half an hour upwards of 200 persons were engaged in deadly conflict, in the course of which one man was fatally cut and beaten. The Germans were finally driven from the ground.

#### AUSTRALIA.

THE reports from the gold-fields are still of an encouraging nature.

The bill for the abolition of State aid to religion, brought before the Victoria Legislature by the Attorney-General, and supported by the Ministry generally, was read a second time in the Assembly by a large majority. It was thought more than probable that the Council would reject it.

It was reported at Melbourne that no fewer than twenty vessels were on their way from China, with an average of 300 Chinese on board each.

There had been heavy gales, resulting in many casualties on the coast, principally to coasting vessels. Disastrous floods are reported from Hunter River District, New South Wales.

At Buckland River, Australia, about 300 Europeans made an attack upon 1,500 Chinese, and drove them into the bush. The ringleaders in this affair were arrested.

THE EMPEROR of MOROCCO, who has been for some time unwell, has appointed his son, who is Governor of the province of Fes, to be his heir. This young man is said to have very warlike ideas, and to differ essentially from his father's policy.

#### THE INDIAN REVOLT.

AFTER our first edition of last week went to press, the telegraphic despatches from India received some important additions. Thus we learned that Havelock had been obliged to leave his steps to Cawnpore for the purpose of leaving his sick, whose numbers were considerably increased by cholera; and that he would there await reinforcements before attempting the relief of Lucknow. This dismal intelligence proved to be greatly exaggerated. Havelock did indeed return to Cawnpore for the purpose of his sick and wounded, but he almost immediately set out for Lucknow, with reinforcements. That a British force was sent from the former place and been compelled to retire with loss, is a sad but too true; the details of this melancholy affair are given below. The report of the revolt at Kanore, in Bombay, is a serious one, but before we proceed to these new matters, let us resume our narrative of the state of things

#### BEFORE DELHI.

Our readers are aware that in spite of the considerable accession of strength gained by our forces before Delhi in the arrival of Europeans and Sikhs from the Punjab during the last days of June and on the 1st of July, it was not thought prudent to attempt an assault; and that, finally, victorious actions were fought on the 9th and 14th of July, yet the force sustained in them rendered our already insufficient numbers more unequal to the service required. Therefore the army before Delhi during the interval between the 11th and the 27th of July acted continuously on the defensive only. Two skirmishes took place—one on the 18th, the other on the 23rd; but before making further allusion to these later engagements, we will go back to the first fortnight of the month and the events by which it was signalled, of which we have rather fuller details.

The affair of the 9th, when the recently-arrived British and European troops came out and menaced our rear at Alipore and our communications with Kanour, hardly amounted to an engagement. The enemy's attempt was but a feeble one, considering their great strength; and on their return to the city they took a wide sweep round the right of our position, leaving no disposition to bring on a combat, which, on the other hand, the force sent from the camp to observe them had orders to avoid. The action of the 9th, however, was very severe, resulting in the supposed loss to the mutineers of 1,000 killed and wounded, and of 211 to ourselves. The fighting was mostly on the right flank and rear of our position, among the enclosures at and about the Nizamat Maud. This is the only locality in which the mutineers show as soldiers to advantage. "They fighting in the open," writes an officer from the camp, "is contemptible. They hold walls, &c., well." On this day the struggle lasted from a quarter of eight in the morning till nearly four in the afternoon, the great part of the walls of the city firing incessantly till the enemy were driven off. At one period in the day a party of their cavalry, which had belonged formerly to a Regular Regiment, made an irruption into the rear of our camp (possibly, it was feared, with the assistance of a packet of Irregulars), and rode nearly through it, not doing much mischief fortunately, but causing considerable alarm among the soldiers, till attacked either by a packet of the 9th Lancers or by a party of Artillery recruits, and driven out with the loss of their leader and several men. The regiments principally engaged were the new-arrived 5th and 61st, and the Sikhs. Nine officers were wounded, one mortally, and the whole loss is stated at 42 killed and 169 wounded.

For four days after this combat none of the enemy showed their faces outside the walls of the city; but on the 14th occurred an action which was only briefly mentioned in our previous accounts. A body of the mutineers estimated at 2,000 attacked the British position, as usual, on the right flank, and a smart skirmishing was kept up among the enclosures for three hours, when the enemy, fairly beaten out into the open, made for the walls in hasty and disorganised flight. Up to this time our people are said to have had only six men hit, but now, in their eagerness to punish the fugitives, they followed them up as far as to get within range of arms, and even of musketry, from the city, and suffered, accordingly, to the extent of 171 killed and wounded. No officer appears among the killed, but Brigadier Chamberlain was wounded, though not severely, and seven other officers.

The next affair took place on the 18th, but was short and uneventful, though on our side one officer fell, Lieutenant Crozier, of the 75th. The skirmish of the 23rd, which was the next to follow, and is the last of which we have heard, was distinguished from its immediate predecessors by the circumstance that the enemy's attack was directed against the left instead of the right of our position. They came out in force by the Cashmere Gate, with several field guns, and moved straight upon our battery at Moha Pe Hoss, under cover of a heavy fire from the walls. But here the ground is less cut up by enclosures than on our right, and consequently is less suited for the operations of the mutineers. Attacked in flank by Brigadier Showers they fled with a precipitation that saved their guns and preserved themselves from any serious loss. On our side Lieutenant Law, of the 10th Native Infantry, was killed, and four officers were wounded. All of the latter, together with the officers and men hit on the previous occasion, were at the date of the latest accounts doing well. Up to the evening of the 27th no more fighting had taken place. The force is now commanded by Brigadier Wilson, of the Bengal Artillery, ill health having, as was anticipated, compelled General Reed to relinquish his post. There is a rumour indeed that the General is dead.

It having been decided that nothing could be attempted against the city till the attacking army was largely reinforced, our readers will be glad to learn that from the Punjab on the one hand, and from the valley of the Ganges on the other, large accessions of strength were looked for. Sir John Lawrence, the indefatigable Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, was at Lahore, bent upon directing on the revolted capital every European and every Sikh, whether of the old regiments or the new levies, who could be spared from his loyal and now tranquil province.

#### WITHIN THE WALLS OF DELHI.

The following statement of a native regarding the condition of Delhi in May and June will be found very interesting:—

"I reached Delhi on the 21st of May, 1857, and stayed there till the 25th of June. On my arrival there I saw five infantry regiments and the sowars of the 3rd Cavalry, who were stationed in Mohabbad and Salimgarh. The sowars were so much afraid of the English forces that they looked quite pale. The cavalry mutineers had a little spirit, and were wishing to go to Meerut for a fight; but the footmen did not agree with them, saying, 'We are hardly sufficient to guard Delhi; how can we go to Meerut?' I will give you a small description of the oppression committed by the sepoys in Delhi.

"They plundered every rich house and shop in the city. They took every horse they found in the stables of the citizens. They killed a number of poor shopkeepers for asking the proper prices of their things; they abused the respectable men of Delhi in their presence. The guard at Juma Bridge beat the passengers crossing it. On the 11th of May the magazine was blown up; it did great damage to the adjacent houses, and killed about 500 passengers walking in different streets. The bullets fell in the houses of people to such a degree, that some children picked up two pounds and some four pounds of them from the yards of their houses; afterwards the mutineers, together with the low people of the city, entered the magazine compound and plundered weapons, accoutrements, caps, &c.

"The 'loot' continued for three days; each sepoy took three or four muskets, and as many swords and bayonets as he could. The classes filled their houses with the blacksmiths' tools, weapons, and gun caps, which they sell by degrees, at the rate of two seers per rupee. The copper sheets were sold at three seers per rupee. In these successful days, the highest price of a musket was eight annas. However, the people feared to buy it. A fine English sword was dear for four annas, and one anna was too much for a good bayonet.

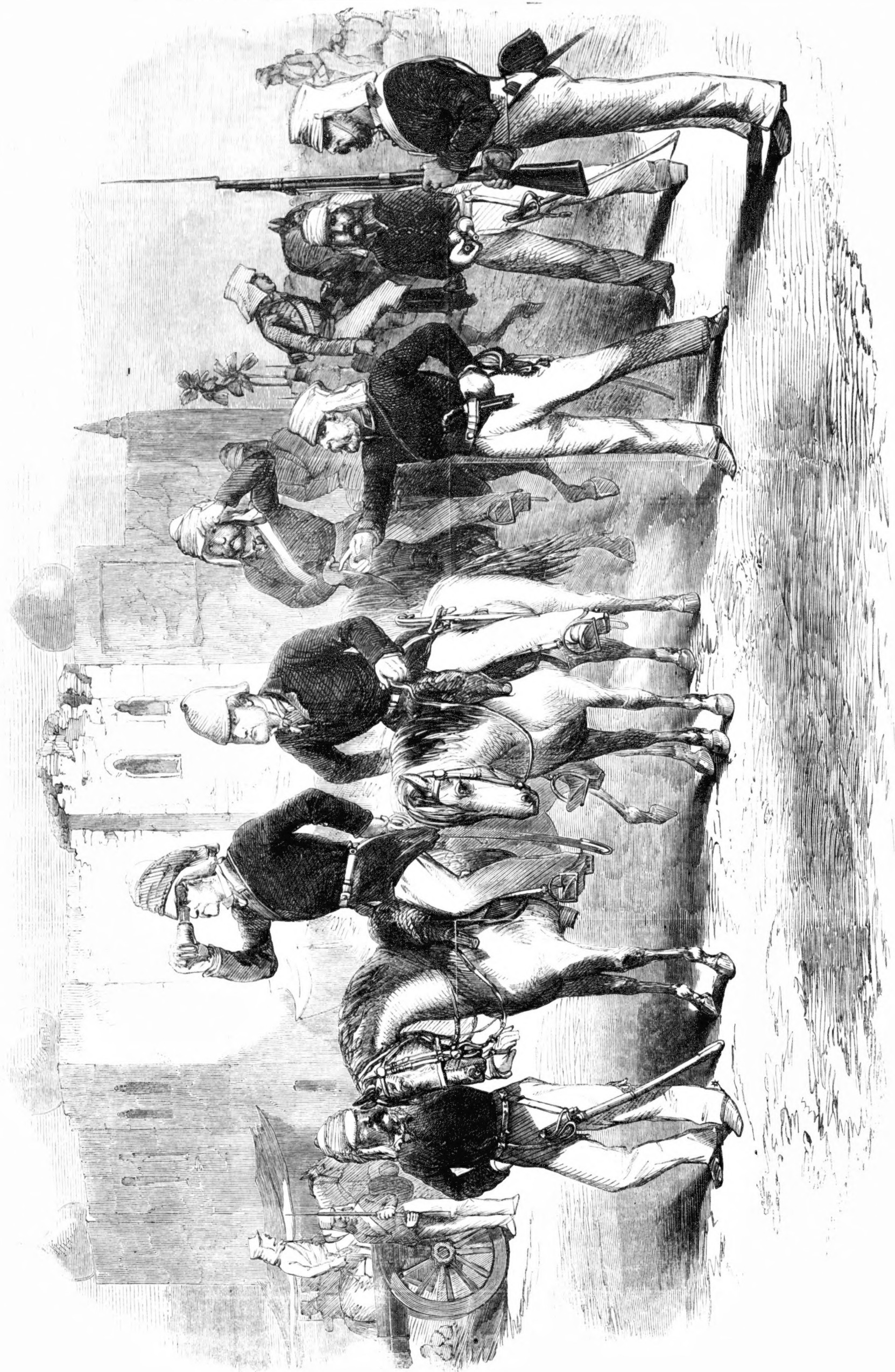
"Parches and belts were so common that the owners could not get anything for this body of things. The gonawader which was kept at Mujnoon Bala, more than half of it was plundered by the sepoys and countrymen, and the rest was brought to the city. Since the day of my arrival till the day of my departure, I never found the bazaar opened, except a few poor shops. The shopkeepers and the citizens are extremely sorry for losing their safety, and curse the mutineers from morning to evening. Poor people and workmen starve, and widows cry at their doors. English servants have confined themselves to their homes.

"A Kowad is changed every second day. The sepoys plundered every treasury in the city, and put the money in their own pockets; they did not give a farthing out of this to the King, or the sowars of four or five regiments possessed thousands of rupees each, and under the weight of silver they could hardly walk; consequently they were obliged to change their silver for gold. The Mahajans charge them twenty-four or twenty-five rupees for a gold mohur, which is not



The following is from Jubulpore, dated 23rd of July :—  
 "You will be glad to learn that the 42nd Bengal Native Infantry that mutinied at Sagar, have been set up against a man, and that the 31st Bengal Native Infantry have been 'foxy.' When the 42nd mutinied, they called on the 31st to join them, and were refused, and the 31st were not even fired into by the 42nd; but, no doubt to their astonishment, the 31st paid them in their own coin, and fairly beat them out of the station, and that without the assistance of their European officers, who very naturally would not first trust their men, but remained in the fort. About twenty-five men of the Irregular Cavalry joined the 42nd. The mutineers, after being so signally rebuffed by the 31st

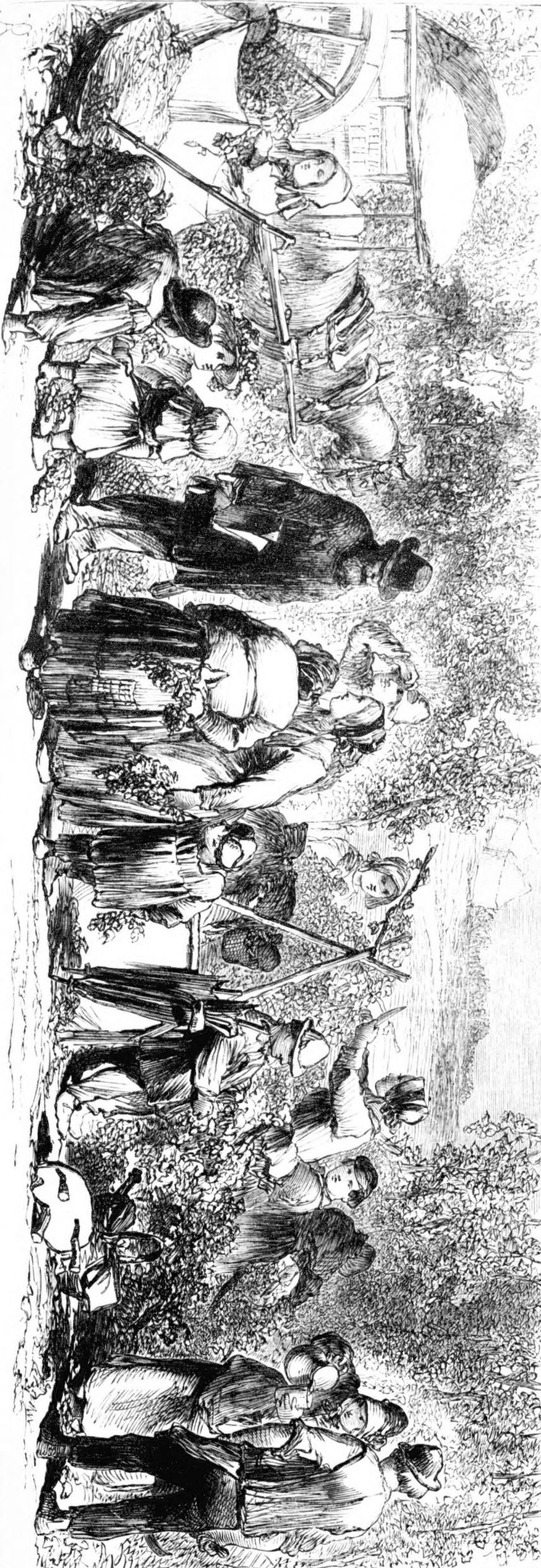




THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF AT THE MOSQUE PICKET BEFORE DELHI.—(FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. ATKINSON, R.E.)



A HOP-GARDEN IN THE EAST. THE SCENE OF A RUN AND POSING A SHANGHAI FLEET.





mixed with and assisted a 'Takoor's' force in plundering villages; being somewhat successful, they returned with a quantity of loot, over which a dispute arose with regard to distribution, and the consequence was a skirmish, in which two or three of the 'Takoor's' men were killed. The 'Takoor's' on hearing of this, ordered his men to revenge themselves, and they did so effectually; for, if report be correct, scarcely a man of the 42nd escaped.

#### THE PLOT AT BENARES.

A plot was discovered at Benares, and three of the worst characters in the town, and a banker with eight lacs of rupees, apprehended. Letters of a highly treasonable nature were discovered; they purported to be from a certain great one, and called on the inhabitants to rise and destroy Messrs. Tucker, Gubbins, and all Europeans. The banker was identified by name as the person from whom funds were to be got, and in his house some two hundred swords, guns, &c., were found. The banker offered the Darogah a Government promissory note for 10,000 rupees, if he would allow him to escape. The Darogah told the banker he could not trust him, and that he must sign the note, which he did, and was then marched into custody, note and all.

#### THE CONFLICT AT JHELUM.

An officer writing from the camp at Gujran, says:—  
"Three companies of my regiment were sent down from Rooni Pinder, under Col. Ellice, with some horse artillery, to disarm the 11th Native Infantry at Jhelum."

"This regiment was drawn up on its own parade ground when our forces arrived, and, seeing them approach, loaded, fired at their officers (luckily without effect) and held off to their barracks, guns, &c., &c. Colonel Ellice's command gave the word to charge, which was done in great style, but our poor men were shot down right and left by the murderous fire of the rebels. In fact, advantage of their cover to fire without being themselves exposed; they were, however, after some hard fighting, driven out of their position, and then made for a neighbouring village, where the cover was equally advantageous for them. This position our men, assisted by three guns, also drove them from, but with fearful sacrifice: to our side, the rebels fighting like fiends and disputing every inch of ground. They were at last put to flight."

"Government having offered a reward of thirty rupees per head (about £3) for every fugitive seized, a great many were brought in. We had the satisfaction of shooting forty-eight of them on the evening of the 25th (of July), and on the following day we blew twenty-five away from the cannon's mouth. The odds in numbers were dreadfully against us, the rebels were 702 in number, and our three companies only mustered 247 men."

"I must tell you that the very day this action took place at Jhelum (the 25th of July) the other companies of my regiment at Rooni Pinder were ordered to disarm the 58th Native Infantry; but as soon as we took up our position on either side of the Horse Artillery, ready to blaze into them in case of their trying to move up their guns, they paused for a moment, then took to their heels and fled from the parade ground. The rebels, however, were induced to give up their arms peacefully, and when they were handed over to our magazine, about 200 of them were found to be loaded."

#### THE REBELS PUNISHED.

The vengeance taken on the 9th Cavalry and 46th Native Infantry, whose misdeeds at Sialkote we lately recorded, has been signal. Not only was their main body twice attacked and well-nigh annihilated by Brigadier Nicholson with his flying column, but their fugitives and stragglers who had escaped into Cashmere were sent back by Gholab Singh to the British authorities, to the number, including camp followers, of 572. Of this number 78 troopers and men of the 46th were made over to Lieutenant McMahon, an assistant-commissioner, at the head of 300 of the new levies. That officer at once executed sixty-eight of his prisoners, reserving the remaining ten, chiefly commissioned and non-commissioned officers, in order that a more formal and public example might be made of them.

So again with the 55th, who long ago notified at Mardan, in the Hill country, and of whom many escaped across the frontier, and sought shelter with the mountain tribes. A strong party of these fugitives, attempting to cross into Cashmere, were attacked and beaten by the Hill men. Thirty-two of their number were taken and sent in as prisoners to Major Bocher, commanding in the Hazarrah country, by whom they were tried by court-martial, sentenced, and executed.

At Multan, disaffection having shown itself in the disbanded 69th, the Subaltern-Major of the regiment was tried by court-martial under the presidency of the commanding officer of the Bombay Fusiliers, and being convicted on the clearest evidence, was blown from a 9-pounder gun on the 21st of July in presence of the whole brigade. Nicholson's flying column, having purged the country of the Sialkote mutineers, would be available for service before Delhi, where by this time it has beyond a doubt arrived.

General Van Cortlandt has also done excellent service in the Hurrianah district, to the north-west of Delhi, which, in conjunction with Lieutenant Pearce and his Bikaner and other Irregulars, he has completely pacified. At Hissar, where the General joined Pearce on the 16th of July, the English officers found many melancholy traces of the massacre that there befell. The survivors who had returned with the force, were able to point out several localities where they had seen men and women of their acquaintance shot or hacked to pieces. Thus the skull of Mr. Wedderburn, the colonel, was identified and decently interred. With it were laid such portions of the remains of his wife and child, of Mrs. Birwell, and of another lady, as were removable from the spot, below the rampart, where they were cast down from their little room, or which the bloodstained walls yet testified to the butchery that had been perpetrated therein.

#### MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

A correspondent at Ootacamund, whose information (says the "Herald") is of the most reliable description, informs us that the King of Delia (as that nearly obsolete monster is still named) has been hanged! We hope, for the satisfaction of those who may have an express desire to witness such an event, that the execution has been delayed a little longer.

A petition from a great number of the British residents in Calcutta is to be presented to Parliament. The petition rehearses all the shortcomings of the present system of Government in India, especially by enlarging upon the blindness of the Company's servants to the plot, recently exploded, which it was yet hatching, and finally, humbly prays "that your Honourable House will adopt such measures as may be necessary for removing the government of this country from the East India Company, and substituting in its place the direct government of Her Majesty the Queen, with an open Legislative Council, suitable to the requirements of the country, and compatible with the British supremacy, Queen's Courts presided over by trained lawyers, and with the English language as official Court language."

At Peshawar a Havildar of the 24th Native Infantry was blown away from a gun, in presence of the troops. He had deserted, and been employed as an emissary to the hill tribes in the direction of Swat. When tied to the gun, it was intimated to him that, in the event of his turning approver and disclosing the names of his employers, his life would be spared. At first he expressed his willingness to accept the terms; but, in the few minutes occupied in conveying his decision to the Brigadier, his mind, it appears, changed, for on being asked to give up their names, he refused, and was minutely disposed of.

Seven fugitives from Cawnpore reached Allahabad on the 2nd of August. "They are three men and four women, probably the only survivors of that unfortunate garrison. They escaped the massacre on the river, and were hid in Cawnpore until the arrival of General Havelock's force, when they received protection and assistance to enable them to proceed to Allahabad. They say that Sir Hugh Wheeler left the entrenchments with them and was murdered with the rest."

The 63rd Native Infantry was disbanded at Berhampore on the evening of the 1st of August. The 11th Irregular Cavalry were also disbanded, and their horses taken possession of at the same time. On the order being given to deliver up their arms and accoutrements, many of the men absolutely flung their pistols, belts, &c., into the air, and on the whole, although they did deliver up their arms, they manifested the utmost disaffection. They had, however, to endure a still greater surprise, and one which they were evidently not prepared for, and that was the seizure of their horses, which, being their own property, they thought would not be taken from them. Every man of the 63rd Native Infantry was reported present, and doing duty cheerfully, next morning.

At an early period of the mutiny, it is said, Jang Bahadur offered to send 10,000 men to the assistance of Government, and, if desired, to take command of them himself:—"Thinking, as every rational man did, the occasion urgent, he pushed on 3,000 at once into the British territories. He received a civil answer, declining his offer, and requesting that the 3,000 men might be withdrawn. Before they could reach the frontier, another message came, requesting they might once more advance on Luck-

now; which was complied with, but too late, it is to be feared, to be of much service. 'Now,' remarks this sagacious ruler, 'if this is the way you treat your allies, you need not be surprised if they lose all confidence in you.'"

It appears from letters received in Calcutta that the victims of the Cawnpore massacre were confined in the Assembly Rooms up to the 15th of July, where they were comparatively well treated. They were then taken to the little house where the unfortunate men who were taken from the boats had been previously murdered, and where they could have had no doubt of their impending fate. A note was found, written in the room, containing the names of all the ladies who died between the 7th and 15th instant, from what are described as natural causes. The note appears to have been kept by a native doctor, and deducting the names which it contains, it appears that 197 persons were massacred on the evening of the 15th.

An European private was hearing a wounded ensign, a mere boy, from the field or rather the suburb before Delhi. A mutineer fired from the upper windows of a house. Deliberately the soldier placed his senseless officer under shelter, walked to the house, tramped up stairs, dashed in the door, and shot the man! Two other mutineers were with him, and before they came to this it was two rapid thrusts of the bayonet had finished their course. The soldier then walked coolly back and resumed his burden.—"A hundred and fifty mutineers got into a serai, or walled enclosure for travellers, on our flank, and kept up a galling fire upon stragglers; twenty Europeans went to them, but they shot the door; it was blown open, our men rushed in and shot it behind them. They then slew every traitor inside, actually rushing from one to another and driving their bayonets through them as if they had been sheep."

At the battle before Agra the insurgent army was commanded by General Sirhind Singh of Unatabag, recently a subadar in the 1st Light Cavalry; while Heera Singh Thakoor of the Malwa Contingent, was Brigade-Major or Chief of the Staff.

Some fugitives at Gwalior heard that three white bodies were lying on a bank in the river, some miles from their refuge, and that a dog sat beside one of them, which never left it and would not suffer any, least, or find to come near; the poor faithful creature watched by its dead master for three days, till the river rose and washed all away!

The Governor-General had directed the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, that, on the fall of Delhi, no promises are to be made to the King of Delhi or his family, but that they must be kept in close confinement.

The number of the forces before Delhi seems to have been greatly exaggerated. The "Herald" says that previous to the arrival of Brigadier Nicholson, with his column from the Punjab, there were of cavalry, 550; native cavalry, 450; European infantry, 2,300; native infantry, 1,500—total, 4,780.

The Governor-General's body-guard, who were thought to be swerving in their loyalty, gave up their arms on being requested to do so by Major Thomson and other officers.

The "Calcutta Englishman" is informed that the Khan of Kelat has received certain Persian letters, calling upon him to aid the mutineers against the British Power, and has forwarded them to the Bombay Government.

A letter from the camp before Delhi says, that there does not seem to be more sickness there than there would be were the men quietly located in barracks. "Several of the regiments, the commanding officers tell me, are positively healthier than they would be in cantonments."

Nothing in the whole of the contest in India, is more remarkable than the counterpart spectacles which the antagonist forces exhibit, and which recall the descriptions given by the Roman poet of those civil wars where similar standards, similar eagles, and similar bodies of spearmen were arrayed on each side of the field. The very huge sounds of a British Regiment are recognized and acted on by an insurgent battalion, the words of command on one side are heard and understood on the other, and on a particular occasion our enemies actually marched against us with English drums and English trumpets playing "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

At Futtyghur the wife and child of Mr. Tucker, being about to fall into the hands of the rebels, she called to her husband to shoot her at once. He did so, his child also, and then himself. A Major Robinson has also shot his wife, and children, and himself, under similar circumstances.

#### PUBLIC FEELING IN CALCUTTA.

The following letter comes from a leading mercantile firm in Calcutta:—

"Calcutta, August 8.  
"At this moment we are afraid to say that even the embers of British India is quite safe from assault, though we trust there is force enough in Calcutta to resist its capture. The mutineers are, however, in possession of Hazeerbagh, and of the Great Trunk Road, along its whole line from Benares down to within 150 miles of Calcutta."

"The telegraph wires are cut down, and the extent of property destroyed in the shape of railway material, iron, &c., and sulphate of iron, is incalculable. In many places, the crops of India must be left to rot on the ground, and numbers of European planters must be ruined. Trade with the interior is virtually at a stand, and we are not for the least moment, importers might shut up their offices."

"But the most deplorable feature of the present crisis—in a commercial point of view—is the destruction among the country cutters and bankers of all confidence in the permanence of our rule. They will lend money up to 4 or 5 per cent, on the security of jewellery and the precious metals, but no rate of interest will tempt them to lend on the deposit of Government securities."

"Such is the extent of the condition of Bengal, and remains with those in England who have the power, to provide a speedy and efficient remedy."

#### HAVELOCK'S CAMPAIGN.

The "Saturday Review" has received the following graphic narrative from an officer in the Artillery, attached to the force under General Havelock. It gives a clear and continuous description of the proceedings of that gallant commander from the commencement of his brilliant campaign on the Ganges:—

"On the side of the Ganges, 26th July."

"What with hard marching, hard fighting, and hard work, my time has of late been fully occupied; but now that a spare day happily supervenes—while the remainder of the force are effecting the crossing of the Ganges—I proceed to give you an account of the operations of Havelock's column, ordered to the relief of Cawnpore, from the commencement of the march up to the present time."

"This body of troops, consisting of a portion of her Majesty's 78th Highlanders and 64th, part of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, a company of Royal Artillery from Ceylon, a few Volunteer Horse (mostly officers of the broken sepoy regiments), a party of about 80 of the 13th Irregular Horse, and 150 Sikhs—in all, about 1,100 men, of whom 800 were English, the whole under the command of Brigadier-General Havelock—marched from Allahabad on the evening of the 7th of July, to join an advanced force of 700 men, partly Europeans, partly Sikhs, under command of Major Renard, 1st Madras Fusiliers, who had proceeded on in front some forty miles."

"The rains had fairly set in for some time past, and an incessant down-pour on the two preceding days had utterly soaked tents and baggage. It cleared up a little on the morning of the 7th; but as the long column began to move off in the afternoon, down came the rain again. Our route for the first two miles lay through the large and densely populated native city of Allahabad. The inhabitants lined the streets and swarmed on to the house-tops in gloomy, silent crowds, to behold the first really offensive demonstration of their Feringhee masters since the commencement of the outbreak. Most of the Hindus appeared to be either indifferent or apprehensive; but wherever a Mahomedan was seen, there was a scowl on his brow and a curse in his heart. That night we camped in a snipe swamp, with the rain still pouring down on us."

"Next day the aspect of affairs changed for the better. The rain ceased—the sun came out and dried our drugged leathers—the Grand Trunk Road, along which our route lay, was in splendid order, and the force moved briskly on through a beautiful, flat, fertile, well-wooded country, like the Weald of Kent without the Legges. Everywhere along the road were traces of the most wanton destruction. A little police-station, a school, a school, the telegraph posts cut down, the miles of broken, the stinging bangalows gutted and burnt—every village was deserted and destroyed. The contrast between this state of things and what it was two years ago, when I passed down this way, and beheld the great road thronged with

traffic, and each petty hamlet swarming with life and activity, was striking in the extreme."

"After proceeding by regular marches for three days, intelligence reached the General which determined him to push on by forced marches, and overtake Major Renard. Accordingly, the column pressed forward along the same noble road and through the same description of country, passing here and there evidences of our people's handiwork in the shape of men hung by fours and fives on the trees by the roadside, and on the morning of the 12th the two forces joined on the line of march and descended on their encamping ground, a fine open plain, about four miles distant from the city of Futtypore. We were ordered to remain in position, resting on our arms, until a party of the Volunteer Horse, sent on the night ahead to reconnoitre, should have returned. The main body of the force had marched twenty-four miles that morning, and the general fatigue was for breakfast rather than for a fight. Men and officers had lighted their pipes, and a cluster of us were assisting at the manufacture of a brew of tea, when one, who had been employing himself with his field-glass, drew the attention of his neighbours to our small party of Volunteer Horse, who were returning before their time. A moment after, a large body of rebels in white emerged from the distant trees on the edge of the plain, in full pursuit. Instantly the angle sounded, the ranks fell in, and we stood ready."

"Meanwhile a large body of infantry followed the cavalry, and on a debouché on the plain; they were accompanied by guns, which were forward and opened fire at long range on the small handful of British horsemen riding quietly down the road towards us."

"And now the English force got the word to advance. Guns and skirmishers were ordered to the front—the artillery pushed on in line with the English rifles—and soon came into action with the enemy's guns. The first three were taken after a short, sharp interchange of shots, wherein the precision and rapidity of the English fire at once established its superiority. The enemy fled from their guns, and retreated to a second battery placed on the road in the rear. Here they again made a stand. Meanwhile the skirmishers on both sides were hotly engaged, and the enemy's cavalry were moving round, trying to outflank the line, while the guns had to halt several times during their advance, and open fire on the right and left to keep them in check. It was hard work, for the ground the artillery had to traverse consisted almost entirely of irregular fields, in their softest and muddiest state, so that the gun-wheels sank deep, and it was all the tired helooks could do, assisted by the efforts of the gunners at the wheels, to get the guns along. At length, however, the English artillery came into action again, with the enemy's guns and infantry in front. There were a large number of them in rear of the principal battery, conspicuous amongst whom moved an elephant and a rider, who directed their movements. A capital shot from Colonel Maude's battery knocked over the elephant, and this seemed to be the signal for another retrograde movement on the part of the enemy, who abandoned their guns and retreated. We followed on, and so the morning fight was kept up till the town of Futtypore came in sight. Here the enemy again made a stand amongst the houses and gardens, but were speedily driven out by our men, who pressed forward, eager for vengeance."

"At the entrance of the main street of Futtypore, the road was blocked up by a barricade of carts and baggage wagons. It was so close and firm, and placed in such an advantageous position, that it was supposed to be a defence run up by the foe, and that here they meant to make a firm stand. By the time the artillery had thrown in a few shrapnel shells, the skirmishers had worked round to the flanks, it was discovered that the supposed barricade was nothing more than an inextricable heap of the enemy's baggage, which had not passed up into such a mass of confusion between the houses on either side of the street, that they were obliged to shoot at it. In the midst of the wreck were two new six-pounders, with lockers and ammunition complete, besides large stores of gun and musket ammunition, and a little beyond, two tubs of treasure were found, one of which fell into the hands of those active plunderers the Sikhs, and was no more seen."

"This was a grand chance for 'loot,' and all hands, European and native, were soon at work investigating the contents of the lockers and wagons. Ladies' dresses, worsted work, and other tokens of our unhappy but contravened, constantly came to light amongst the spoils, and made the men still wilder for vengeance."

"It took some little time before the baggage carts could be sufficiently cleared off to either side for the artillery to get through. At length was achieved, and the guns passing onward fired their last shot at the enemy's infantry, who were now in full flight about a mile on the other side of the town."

"During the action, the mutineer cavalry had all the time been hanging on our flanks, trying to get round to the rear and cut into the baggage train; but being everywhere met and repulsed, they at length drew off round to the right of the city, where the 1st Fusiliers, accompanied by the Irregulars, had a most fairing struggle after them through the swamps. At one time they got so close to a party that the Irregulars were ordered to charge. The horsemen went forward, then turned, and came back a gallop, with the enemy's cavalry hard after them, leaving their native commandant—the only man amongst them who was known to be really true to the English—dead on the ground. It was evident the Irregulars would not act against their mutineer comrades."

"The time was now past mid-day, and the sun for the last three hours had been striking down with bright intensity. Many had been slain down by a single shot during the heat of the action; and now that the excitement of the fight had passed away, the whole force was much exhausted with heat and fatigue—men and officers indiscriminately threw themselves down wherever a morsel of shade was to be found, and did not get off into a deep sleep. About three p.m. the tents and baggage came on. I don't think many were pitched that day; but many a soldier deserves a considerable fore-look of the commandant officer, who had sent a company of men with live and ram, so that each man had a biscuit and a dram served out to him forthwith."

"Next day the forces halted to secure and bring in the captured guns, eleven in number, and to destroy all the ammunition that could not be carried on. A good many Government gun bullocks were also brought in during the course of the day; and some sepoy, caught lurking in the town and surrounding villages, were incontinently hung."

"The activity displayed by the enemy's horsemen in the preceding action was very remarkable. They moved round our force, menacing us at different points with extraordinary rapidity; and in so far as manoeuvring in the field went, their cavalry was perfect. Now, I wish to draw particular attention to this fact—because these very men were our own regular troopers, mounted on our own regular cavalry horses, but armed and equipped after their own, instead of the regular cavalry fashion. The regular Bengal Cavalry, equipped and overladen with their accoutrements, have never seen of any particular use in the army hitherto; but this shows what they might be made under a better system."

"On the 14th the force marched again. There were many evidences, as we moved forward, of the precipitancy with which the rebels had fled, chests or cartridges were left by the side of the road, tents were left standing in their camp, and portions of tents were scattered all along the route. Our company made a very fortunate capture of forty barrels of powder, lying on the road, which proved a most acceptable supply to our troops. This day, when we went into camp, the opportunity was taken of quickly dismounting and disarming the Irregulars, whose further fidelity seemed extremely dubious. Though the loss of their services was a most serious inconvenience at such a juncture, yet it was felt to be best to get rid of a band of men whom nobody trusted, and who, justly or unjustly, were looked upon with an evil eye by all."

"On the following day we started at dawn, with the knowledge that the enemy had again collected in force, and had entrenched themselves on the road ahead of us. After proceeding about five miles, we at length came in sight of the rebels in position at a village called Oong. Directly we came within range of their guns they opened fire. The artillery and skirmishers on our side moved out to the front, as before, with the main body of troops following. The mutineers came out from the village and garden enclosures towards us in perfect skirmishing order, and both sides were soon hotly engaged. After a smart skirmish our guns silenced the enemy's artillery, and our men began to gain ground, driving the mutineers



back upon the village. At this juncture their cavalry came out from behind the enclosures, and moved forward through the trees, menacing our right, and pressing down unpleasantly close; but the guns were immediately turned on them, and it was only after some well-thrown shrapnel had emptied a score or more of saddles, that they could be made to keep their distance. Failing in this attempt, they rode away to our rear, and had it not been for the cool gallantry of the hospital sergeant of the 78th, would have cut up our baggage; but he, collecting all the invalids and stragglers in the rear, formed a small rallying square of about a hundred men, and received them with such a fire of musketry that they rode off discomfited, leaving many dead behind them.

"Meantime the fight went on through the village. The rebels fought fiercely, even after their guns were taken, and it was some little time before our men could clear them out; but this was at length effected—the artillery passed through, and the whole force halted to breathe and drink water on the other side.

"But our work was only half done as yet—there was another entrenchment with two heavy guns still to be taken. They were placed in a position which swept the road for a mile, just on the other side of the Pandoo Naudie, a large difficult stream, spanned by a bridge of three arches, which, if broken down—and we knew it was mined—would seriously have checked our progress. Nothing could save it but pressing the enemy hard, so on we went again. The heat was as usual frightful, but the men bore up, having the excitement of battle on them. After proceeding another two miles—just as the head of the column wound out from amongst the mango groves, at a turn where the road ran straight across the plain—two puffs of white smoke burst from a low ridge in our front, followed by the reports of two heavy guns, and a couple of 24-pound shot, beautifully thrown, crashed right into us, wounding men and gunlocks. Another and another followed in rapid succession; the fire was heavy and most accurate.

"Our light field-pieces were no match for the enemy at this game of long bullets, so the order was given for the artillery to advance and engage within practicable range. The guns went steadily down the road, under a continuous fire of round shot, varied, as we drew nearer, by shrapnel, till a fair range was gained—then the guns rapidly unlimbered and opened fire. The effect was marvellous. Our heavy opponents ceased firing almost immediately. We could not understand this at the time, but discovered afterwards, when we went up to the entrenchment, that our shrapnel bullets had smashed their sponge-staffs almost at the first fire, so that they could no longer load their guns. Their skirmishers were meantime giving way before ours, and our guns now turned on their cavalry, who were massed in the front. The Enfield riflemen, too, were creeping forward; and soon the whole rebel force turned right about, and went off. It was just as well we did press forward that day; for as we crossed the bridge, we found that they had tried to blow it up, but failed for want of time—the explosion had only thrown down the parapet walls, leaving the arch sound.

"It was universally remarked how much closer and fiercer the mutineers fought that day. If they had only been under a competent leader, it would have been a much more serious affair, for the inferior details of their movements—such as depend upon the mechanical training of the soldiers—were perfect; but the master mind was wanting. Hence the sepoys always came into action very well, but as the battle went on, got bothered, and made a mess of it. Our want of cavalry in these actions was most severely felt—a couple of squadrons even would have been of most in calculable use.

"The tired troops camped down that day on the spot where our last gun was fired, and got what rest they could, having taken five guns. Late that night a rumour spread through camp that a still heavier fight awaited us on the morrow, and during the next morning's march this intelligence was confirmed. The whole of the mutineer regiments at Cawnpore—about 4,000 infantry and 500 horse—had come down with the Bhitoor Rajah, otherwise called the Nena Sahib, to meet us, and had taken up a position at the fork of the Grand Trunk Road, about four miles from Cawnpore, where one road branches into entrenchments, and the other continues straight on to Delhi. Here they had strongly entrenched themselves, with heavy guns placed so as to command the road, and sweep it with a flanking fire.

"We were then twenty-two miles off, which determined our General to march on fourteen miles that morning, and attack in the afternoon. Accordingly, the force bivouacked under the trees, cooked food and ate, and at 1.30 p.m. were again on the march, proceeding to the attack; for the position of the enemy's forces and guns being known, it was determined to make a detour, and attack them in flank, which required time. This I believe to have been one of the most severe marches ever made in India. In the full mid-day heat of the worst season in the year did our troops start, each man fully armed and accoutred, with his sixty rounds of ball ammunition on him. The sun struck down with frightful force. At every step a man reeled out of the ranks, and threw himself fainting by the side of the road—the calls for water were incessant all along the line. At length came the point for the flank movement, and the column turned off into the fields. It had not proceeded half-a-mile before the enemy caught sight of us, and opened a fierce, well-directed fire from their heavy guns, by which the 78th and 64th suffered some loss. Through this storm of round shot and shrapnel the troops quietly proceeded, till the turning point of the flank march was gained, and then, forming up in line, with artillery in the intervals, advanced steadily down upon the enemy's position. The artillery first moved forward and engaged the heavy guns—which were pelting into us all this time—and the remainder of the troops, with the exception of the skirmishers, who were hotly engaged on our flanks, lay down.

"After a few rounds at different ranges, it was found that the enemy's guns in the village were so well sheltered by walls and houses that our artillery could not silence them. They kept up as hot a fire as ever, and their infantry too, from behind their cover, kept up a constant fire. Hereupon the 78th were ordered to advance and take the village. The Highlanders rose, fired one rolling volley as they advanced, and then moved forward with sloped arms and measured tread, like a wall—the rear rank locked up as if on parade—until within a hundred yards or so of the village, when the word was given to charge. Then they all burst forward, like an eager pack of hounds racing in to the kill, and in an instant they were over the mound and into the village. There was not a shot fired or a shout uttered, for the men were very fierce, and the slaughter was proportionate. 'I've just got three of 'em out of one house, sir!' said a 78th man, with a grin, to me as I met him at a turn of the village.

"The English force were now fairly within the enemy's lines, and they went forward, taking gun after gun, and driving everything before them; but, meantime, the enemy's cavalry and a portion of their infantry had moved round, and part of our artillery had to turn round and hold them in check. At one time, indeed, our small handful of troops were completely surrounded. The mutineers fought fiercely and well, and if there had only been a head to guide them, we must have fought hard to save even our bare lives; but unity of purpose prevailed over multitudes. One by one their positions were carried, and the final advance of the 64th, when they charged and took a heavy gun that had up to that time been playing on our troops with murderous effect, finally settled the business. After that there was no more regular opposition, and, just as night set in, the English force formed up and bivouacked on the plain, just beyond the grand parade ground of Cawnpore.

"This was a hard fight. So many fell on the road, that there could not be more than 1,000 men of all sorts in action on our side, opposed to at least 5,000 of the enemy. In the former actions our artillery and skirmishers did most of the work, but here the brunt of the battle fell on the infantry. The 5th are reported to have fought like devils. The fact of their mutineer brethren's throats having been cut by the Bengal sepoys had come to their knowledge, and rendered them even more savage than the English soldiery, if that were possible, against the mutineers. Here, more than ever, was our want of cavalry felt; for the enemy's horse got off comparatively safe, besides creeping round to our rear and cutting up our wounded men. They made a dash at a small handful of our skirmishers—about a dozen of the fusiliers—who, with their officer, Seton, had got separated from the rest. Seton called his men round him,

and formed square; the cavalry dashed at them, but sverved off from a cool, steady fire, every bullet of which brought down a man, and the little party rejoined their regiment unhurt. The only guns the enemy carried away were two horse artillery guns, which we could not catch—the remainder, to the number of eight, all heavy guns, remained with us.

"There was no supper that night, and no bed but the wet ground, but no man wanted litter to make him sleep after such a day's work. In the middle of the night there was an alarm, and the tired force had to start up and stand to their arms again.

"I cannot omit to mention here an instance of cool courage on the part of a man of the 64th, which came to my knowledge after the action was over. Early in the night he had his leg shattered by a round shot; and as he lay there on the ground the horsemen came down to cut him up. Lying on his back he shot the first—they drew back—he loaded again and shot a second—they began to move, he loaded again and shot a third—whereupon the troopers went off and left the wounded man in his glory. This man's leg was amputated next morning, and he is now rapidly recovering.

"Next morning, soon after daybreak, while waiting for the baggage to come up preparatory to encamping, as we lay idly looking towards the belt of trees and houses across the parade ground, all at once a huge dense white pillar of smoke slowly rose in the air, unfolding volume upon volume, mounting still upwards in the sky, like the Genie of Arah story—followed presently by a report and concussion of the air, as when a large mortar is fired. The enemy had blown up the grand magazine and arsenal, four miles and a half distant.

"And now, alas! came intelligence which turned the joy of our victory into mourning. We had learnt on the march up that about a hundred of our women and children were still alive at Cawnpore. The thought of releasing them from their cruel bondage had been a matter of happy speculation throughout the camp. We now learnt from people who came in that the Nena Sahib had caused every soul of them to be murdered in cold blood the day before, when he found the fight going against him.

"Cawnpore, formerly the largest, handsomest, and wealthiest station in the north-west, was now one desolate wilderness of roofless gabled houses. Traces of the most wanton devastation met the eye at every step—every door and gate was pulled off its hinges. Some officers of the force visited the place wherein the fearful tragedy of the day had been enacted. It was a native house of the best kind, having rooms on either side, round an enclosed inner court-yard, where those unfortunate ladies and soldiers' wives, and their children, had been confined; and it was told to me as an actual and literal fact that the floor of the inner room was two inches deep in blood all over—it came over men's shoes as they stepped. Tresses of women's hair, and children's shoes, and articles of female wear, broad hats and bonnets, books, and such like things, lay scattered all about the rooms. There were the marks of bullets and sword-cuts on the walls—not high up, as if men had fought, but low down, and about the corners where the poor cowering creatures had been cut to pieces. The bodies of the victims had been thrown indiscriminately down a well just behind the house, and were there to be seen a mangled heap, with an arm or leg protruding here and there. If the Black Hole of Calcutta brought down such retribution on its perpetrator, what vengeance can be meted out for this?

"That same evening, intelligence came in that the Nena Sahib had destroyed himself in despair (he is still alive and in Oude), that his place, Bhitoor, was evacuated, and that the Cawnpore insurgents had dispersed in the wildest fear. A detachment was instantly sent out to occupy Bhitoor—they returned next day with sixteen guns from thence.

"The inhabitants of Cawnpore appeared right glad to get back their old masters, having practically learnt the difference between the rule of a native prince and the English Government. They brought supplies of all kinds with the utmost readiness, and assisted in discovering and bringing forward sepoys hidden in the city, who were hung as they were caught. In the evening the deputy collector of Cawnpore was brought into camp. This man, a Mussulman, and a highly-trusted servant of our Government, had been one of the Bhitoor Rajah's most active supporters throughout; and when our force was marching up, this astute scoundrel spread the report that the whole of the English troops ordered out from England to the assistance of the Indian Government had been stopped in Egypt by the Pacha, and not permitted to pass through that country—that in consequence 8,000 English soldiers only remained to be dealt with in India, and they might easily be harassed to death.

"Here, for the present, my long letter ends. The force is now engaged in crossing the broad Ganges—a most arduous task at this time of the year—preparatory to marching on Lucknow. The Highlanders and some guns are over—the rest are coming fast. It is hardly too much to say that Havelock's column has reconquered India. In eight days it has marched 126 miles, fought four actions, against greatly superior numbers, in the arduous and most trying season of the whole year, and taken 45 guns.

"You may observe that I give no return of killed and wounded—I do not pretend to do so. All I relate is from my own observation—the returns will give the rest. I only know that no man of the enemy was ever spared that was caught."

#### HOP-PICKING.

THROUGH our Saxon forefathers were great beer drinkers, and this old English beverage was quaffed by even the ancient Britons, who called it beer as we still do, yet these fine benighted old fellows were too busy hacking and hewing each other to pieces to bestow a thought on the hops, which even then grew wild about their homesteads. They contented themselves by giving a flavour to their malt liquor with bitter herbs, amongst which the St. John's wort and betony were chiefly predominant, though, like our modern brewers, they did not altogether lose sight of the camomile, whose aroma largely predominates in some modern bitter beer; and it may be some consolation to the imbibers of this fashionable drink to know, that one of our oldest herbists has said that "ye sunne never shone on a better or wholesomer floure." But our ancestors went groping and grumbling about in the twilight of Time until as late as the period of Henry VII., without making any other use of the hop than that of a lotion, or it may be as a gargle occasionally, when some old fellow, probably taken with a fit of coughing—for history is silent on the matter—while gurgling at "his own sweet will," like Wordsworth's river, chanced to swallow a few drops, and the hop from that hour became immortal, or he may have dipped his finger in and caught the tawny, as far-famed Elia's novice discovered the deliciousness of roasted sucking-pig; for who can tell? But to quit conjecture—all that is really known of the first use of the hop in brewing is, we find it mentioned among the items in old household books of the above-named period, though it may have been used for the same purpose a little earlier and mention have been made of it among the myriads of records that were lost for ever before the art of printing was in vogue. But long before this discovery took place, the young hop-shoots were dressed as vegetables and eaten with meat, while the potato lay buried in "the womb of Time." Tea was served up in the same way at first, by the ignorant and uninitiated—the leaves eaten with sugar and the liquor thrown away. But both hop-drinkers and tea-drinkers are wiser now, and we think, in consideration of this great discovery, ought to fraternise. Let not the fair patronesses of the pump curl their pretty pouting lips in contempt when told that their long-since departed grandmothers never sat down to breakfast without lifting the foaming ale-dragon to their honied lips, thus making methueghn of it, without the aid of those little confectioners, the bees.

For a short stroll there is no spot more refreshing to the eye than a hop garden at this season of the year. No other garden looks more beautiful, though the dahlias, China-asters, and a few other autumnal flowers, are still in bloom. To our eye, there is nothing prettier than the golden-coloured bine, peeping out in pale rich bunches, through which the sunshine is reflected as you look upward, as through a lady's coquettish-looking parasol. The air all around too is dreamy, odorous, sleepy; and the last of the summer butterflies, as they come darting in and out between the tall lestooned poles, in their rich livery of scarlet and purple bedropped with white—for the gaudiest of this

short-lived insect tribe are now abroad—give something of a humming-bird look to the scene; and what with the blue sky arching high overhead, the swaying of the bine in the faint autumn breeze, the perfume and the husky rustle of the primrose-coloured leaves, you might fancy that you were in some far-away land of summer, where the roses are always in bloom, and the song of the nightingale is never wholly hushed. A hop garden resembles nothing so much as the border of one of those sweet green secluded glades, which we sometimes stumble suddenly upon when wandering deep into the heart of an old English forest, when the sun, shining through the straight and transparent-leaved hazels, is such a relief to the deep green twilight; while below, there is neither gorse, nor bramble, fern, nor thorn-bush—no lung but the velvet turf, Nature's own carpet, combed up out of the fallen leaves—for such a path may be found in some of our old picturesque hop gardens. And here a lover of rural quietude will throw himself down, as Chaucer used to do more than four centuries ago, when he went out to watch the daisy open in the early morning;—

—slipping him to lie  
On his elbows and half his side."

and as he whiffs away at the cigar he has lighted, and watches the smoke curling high amid the golden cones, trailing stems, nodding tendrils, and in and out as if playing at "hide-and-seek" among the picturesque leaves, he will fancy it is the smoke of a fairy railway train ascending skywards, or a little cloud that had got entangled among the network of bines; and as he keeps rubbing the cones in his hands and straining his fingers with the gold dust, he will fancy that all the flowers ever pounded together, with nearly dew-drops, in the bottom of the morning star, and presented to Flora by Dis, never threw out a richer aroma than he there inhales. It is as if all the winds that ever went out Maying together had made that spot their mustering ground, and there let loose all the collected odours of their flowery treasures, to overwhelm the inhaler with a new and drowsy delight.

Neither is there any other out-of-door work that seems so much like playing as hop-picking. Reaping is killing work, mowing is suicide itself if persisted in, but picking hops is play, pleasure, and profit combined; those who bring up and pluck down the poles seeming to be the only parties who do anything at all in the shape of labour. As for the rest, they sit or stand (may we have even seen them lie down to it) whichever they please, a dozen of them singing together like one; and there, all garlanded with leaves and hung about with branches of gold, they pass the day as merrily as Ariel did.

"Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Some bear baskets, others help to fill the hop-pockets, while the younger and merrier ones, when not overlooked, pick each other with the cones, as that young rascal Love did his mother with roses; and over all the smell from the east-horn spreads like the aroma of the altars of old, when gathered flowers formed the sacrifice, for the whole neighbourhood tastes of

"Flora and the country green."

Let us, however, describe the picture on the preceding page. The right-hand upper group are busy taking stock of the contents of a bin, an operation performed once or twice a-day. The figure in the short smock frock is putting down the number of bushels which the family holding this particular bin have picked; their pay will be merely a shilling for every eighteen or twenty bushels. The group to the left are preparing their dinner. Labour makes the homeliest food taste sweet, and many an alderman would give a guinea for the appetite of that urchin who stands sniffing over the pot suspended from three poles, and at which he is having a stolen peep, and no doubt calculating how much of its contents he could manage to get through if he was only left in undisturbed possession of it for one brief half-hour.

The principal incident in the lower subject is one that befel the draughtsman of this sketch. It seems to be a rule of the hop-garden to compel any stranger that enters it to pay his "footing." His feet are first dusted with a bunch of hops, and then the palm is held out for the customary honorarium, when, should the intruder refuse to proper a demand, he stands a chance of being thrown into a bin, and stifled beneath a flood of hops, by the fair but able-bodied pickers—a casualty which we are happy to say did not befall the heedless individual with the indifferent hat.

To an artist's eye, what picturesque groups these pickers ever and anon form along the highway, as they journey to or from the hop-gardens! One might fancy from their costume that they had made their purchases in Rag Fair, taking down the articles as they came to hand and repairing them afterwards; for they bear on their backs relics of every fashion and pattern, from the unmistakable cut of Stultz, to that of John Jones, jobbing tailor, Mint Street, Borough. First we have a woman in a man's coat, then a boy in the trousers of a six-foot man, cut off at the knees, with "ample room and verge enough" behind to sto away a bushel of hops. One trudges along in shoes "a world too wide," carrying a kettle in his hand; while another, eschewing all such torments, trips along barefooted, his head buried in an old bassinet-cradle, and chirruping like a bird through the open wicker to the large-eyed and wondering baby, which his cheerful-looking mother is carrying, and which, suspended from the hop-poles by-and-by, will swing as softly and sleep as soundly as the wealthiest little prince that ever closed her eyes on a feathered cloud of elder down. Bed and chair are borne along, and we would wager our darkest-coloured moose-skin that were the bundle opened, when that little maiden with her hair in paper is carrying, a small looking-glass would be found within it; for although few of them care what they wear while at work, yet on a Sunday there may be seen in the neighbourhood of the hop-gardens, many a beau and belle that you would hardly know again in their patched-up and well-worn hop-picking attire. Occasionally, in a hop-garden, one may meet with a bevy of pretty maidens, who need no telling how very beautiful they are—farmers' daughters and their friends, who, donning those wicked-looking mushroom shaped bonnets, under which, like Spenser's Una, their sweet faces "make sunshine in a shady place," paddle about with their dainty fingers in a sea of golden cones; while their lovers assist them, and think all the while that they never before saw them look so handsome, or behold them standing in such graceful positions, as when on tip-toe they are trying to pull down the highest hop-bines, while some heart-snatching little gauze scarf blows in an arch, "from the bare shoulder backward borne."

And here and there about the hop-gardens green bowery hollows are found, where the late autumn hare-bell loves to linger, and the beautiful eye-bright buries itself in the grass; while the last bee searches there to see if the fragrant wild thyme is still in bloom. There these young lovers will seat themselves, hemmed in everywhere by a forest of hops, through the openings of which eyes as bright as their own are peering, and merry voices are ready to ring out in laughter the very moment that Augustus commences being very sentimental.

NEGLECT IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP.—A passenger on board the barque Ann Wilson, one of the Black Rylline of packets, which arrived at Port Nicholson on the 29th of March last, died under such circumstances that it was thought necessary to hold an inquest on his body. Evidence having been adduced, the jury returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased, Jonathan Devereil, after an attack of diarrhoea, died from exhaustion, accelerated by the following causes:—A short supply of water during the whole voyage, the want of proper medicines and medical comforts, the lack of any of the cooking accommodation, the bad ventilation of the vessel Ann Wilson; and the jury hold the captain and charterers culpable for the same. The jury further record their opinion that great neglect attaches to the emigration office at the port of Liverpool for not seeing a sufficient supply of water, medicine, medical comforts, and sugar put on board. They also consider the captain much to blame for not putting in at the Cape of Good Hope or other port for the supplies of afore-mentioned articles, when he knew the vessel was so badly supplied with them."

SCENE IN A SLAVE SHIP.—The gunboat Teazer captured a slaver, early in August, off the West Coast of Africa, after a long chase, during which she had to use her guns. "She proved to be the Abou Davenex, a vessel of 120 tons, with 235 slaves, and a mixed crew, consisting of Spaniards, Americans, Portuguese and Brazilians, twenty-seven in all. As soon as we boarded her the hatches were opened, and such a scene never was witnessed. The slaves had been bated down all day during our nine hours' chase: they were all sick, and the stench and filth were insupportable; perhaps you can imagine 235 human beings shut up in a place 50 feet by 20 feet, and only 3 feet 6 inches high, just room enough to clear the top of their heads when they are in a sitting position. They cried and sang, and those who could danced with delight, when they understood they were free."





RE-TLSE OF THE SORTIE FROM DELHI ON JULY 14.



NENA SAHIB

NENA SAHIB is the adopted son of the late Peishwa Bajee Rao, who from the time of his deposition till his death lived at Bhitoor, in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore, upon the pension allowed him by the British Government. On the death of the ex-Peishwa, Nena strove hard, but without success, to obtain from the Indian Government a continuance to himself

of the pension allowed to Bajee Rao. Failing in this, he despatched an agent to agitate his claims in England, and transmitted, it is said, to Calcutta, to meet the expenses of such a mission, a single piece of Company's paper of the value of five lacs of rupees. The mission to England was as unsuccessful as the attempt made to influence the local Government. The Indian Government may in some measure thank itself for having allowed

this man to acquire the local influence he possesses. It is well known that for years back, since the death of Bajee Rao, Nena has kept the Begums of the Bajee, the rightful heirs to the property of the deceased chief, in close confinement in the zenanah, so that none likely to take steps relative to rescuing them from confinement, or restoring to them their property, could obtain access to where they were.



NENA SAHIB.—(FROM A PICTURE PAINTED AT BHITOOR, IN 1850, BY MR. BEECHY, PORTRAIT PAINTER TO THE KING OF OUDE.)

The "Times," with great truth, says that "the Massacre of Cawnpore, and the name of Nena Sahib, will hold rank among the foulest crimes, and the greatest enemies to the human race, to the end of the world."

Of the treachery and cruelty of this man there can be no question; and yet there are many European gentlemen—who knew Nena Sahib

in India—unable to give him credit for the bloody part which he has played so recently.

"I knew Nena Sahib intimately (says the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the accompanying portrait), and always regarded him as one of the best and most hospitable natives in the Upper Provinces, and cer-

tainly one of the last men to have been guilty of the atrocities laid to his charge. As is the case with many natives of India, it may have been that Nena Sahib cultivated the acquaintance and friendship of the sahibs solely in the hope, that through their influence, direct and indirect, his grievances would be redressed. But the last time I saw Nena Sahib—it was in the



cold weather of 1851, and he called upon me twice during my stay in Cawnpore—he never once alluded to his grievances. His conversation at that time was directed to the Oude affair. The following questions, amongst others, I can remember he put to me—

“Why will not Lord Dalhousie pay a visit to the King of Oude? Lord Hardinge did so.”

“Do you think Colonel Sleeman will persuade Lord Dalhousie to seize the Kingdom of Oude?” He—Colonel Sleeman—has gone to the camp to do his best.”

“So far as I could glean, Nena Sahib wished for the annexation of Oude—albeit he expressed a very decided opinion that, in the event of that measure being resorted to, there would be a disturbance, and perhaps a war—such as happened when Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieutenant Anderson were murdered by the rebellious soldiery of Moolraj, at Mooltan.”

The portrait which we have engraved is—we are told by those acquainted with Nena Sahib—a very faithful one. From the expression of the features, few would regard him as the author of the butcheries with which his name is associated.

The patch upon the forehead is the “tilluck,” a piece of white clay, the thickness of a wafer. It is usually put there by the hand of a Brahmin, who almost invariably assists in “making up” a great Hindoo. On the left breast, or rather on the garment, which is made of snowy white muslin, there is a red patch, or “smudge.” This also is the work of the Brahmin attendant. Sometimes the dress is bedaubed with yellow, instead of red. The “powder” thus applied, according to the discretion or fancy of the Brahmin, resembles ochre.

The positions of the bouquet, the sword, and the shoes are perfectly Eastern. The Bengal natives of rank rarely, or never, carry a sword. In the upper provinces a man of any consequence is seldom seen without one. Indeed, almost every man above Benares—no matter how poor he may be—is possessed of a sword, and it they do not always carry them about, they know where to put their hands upon them. Many a Rajah in India, in one respect, may be said to resemble Hindu's lover, in “*Ishta Rookh*.”

“Upon whose ear the signal sound  
Of war and strife is hourly beating,  
Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
The fevered hand must grasp in waking.”

A few words as to the name of “Nena Sahib,” which, after all, is not his name, but a “nick-name.” His name is “SREENATH,” and amongst his retainers and friends he is addressed (in correspondence) as “Maharajah Sreenath Bahadur.” Few Hindoos of Nena Sahib's rank are ever alluded to by the name given to them by the Brahmin at the time of their birth. In most cases the nick-name, or pet name, that clings to a high caste Hindoo for life, is the favourite word that he distinctly utters in infancy, in the *zunnah*. In the case of Sreenath, the subject of this sketch, there can be no doubt that “Nena” or “Nana” was the favourite word of the child, who in manhood has gained such an unenviable distinction in the eye of the world. The word “Nana” has no particular signification, we are informed. But the word “Nana,” in Hindostanee, signifies “grandfather.” His retainers and servants used to speak of him as “Nena Sahib,” and not “Nana Sahib.”

The grievance of the Maharajah Sreenath was simply this:—The East India Company guaranteed to the late Peishwah, his heirs and successors, a certain pension. The Peishwah died without heirs, and his widow, but previous to his death he adopted Sreenath (“Nena Sahib”). Now, according to the Hindoo law, an adopted son is entitled to all the rights and privileges of an heir begotten of the body of the deceased; and, therefore, by that law, “Nena Sahib” was entitled to the pension of the Peishwah; but the claim, as before stated, was not allowed. It is a pity that the East India Company have not been consistent in their decisions upon this head. In some, indeed in very many cases (where the pensions have been insignificant comparatively), the Hindoo law has been recognised, and the claim of the adopted son granted. In other cases (where the pension has been very considerable, or the amount of territory to be “absorbed” extremely profitable), the Hindoo law has been shelved, and the claimant favoured with a letter from the Secretary to Government, informing him that the “Governor-General in Council has dismissed his petition, but that the ordinary channels of redress are open to him.” He sends home an agent, who haunts the India House and the Board of Control. At both places he is “referred to the local government”—the local government which has already decided against him! Such has been the case of Nena Sahib; such has been the case of the Rajah of Coorg; of the House of Jhansi, where another frightful massacre took place; and such has been the case with numbers of Indians of rank, with whom we have not dealt either wisely or well. Far be it from us to offer even the shadow of an apology for the authors of the atrocities which have plunged nearly half of the nation into mourning; but, at the same time, we cannot forbear expressing our opinion, which is now generally felt and acknowledged, that to the gross mismanagement of our Indian Empire, and the manifest injustice of which the East India Company has been so frequently guilty, may be mainly attributed the deplorable state of affairs which now exists.

We have received some additional interesting particulars respecting Nena Sahib from another correspondent, who writes to us as follows:—

As that arch-fiend and traitor, Nena Sahib, at present occupies so large a portion of public attention, and I may add execration, and as I knew him well, having partaken of his hospitalities for one month, I have no doubt my recollections of him and his affairs may be interesting to the majority of your readers. I therefore subjoin an account of my sojourn with him in his den, and of the circumstances that led thereto.

Cawnpore—a place, alas! now so disastrously familiar to British ears—was visited in the rains of 1853 with a most fearful epidemic; the cholera carrying off in the European corps at that station, sometimes as many as eighteen individuals (including women and children) daily, and in other portions of that large cantonment being fearfully fatal. I do not know of any officer of that corps having succumbed to it, but I believe the surgeon, whose name I forget, died. However, to return to the subject of my notice. Being at that time recovering from illness myself, and my wife being also sick, I was pondering on some change of air and scene, and having nothing else to do, I drove over to see Bhitoor, about twelve miles (*chowkoss*—six *koss*—a *koss* being two miles) from Cawnpore. I started in a gharry, a sort of fly, early on the morning of the 1st of September, 1853, and arrived at the Rajah's house, or rather one built for a former Commissioner. It was a large and handsome building. At the entrance of the domain were a pair of very handsome iron gates, and the gateway itself was as imposing as one in the best parks in this country. The approach also to this mansion was by a very pretty rather than a grand avenue; and on the right hand side of this drive was a very neat parterre, kept in as good order as any of its size at home could be. On arriving at the house, I produced my basket of “*prog*,” and commenced breakfast. This being a place of resort for picnic parties from Cawnpore, I of course at once sent off a note to the Rajah, telling him of my arrival, and as a point of courtesy asking his sanction to my passing the day there. I had scarcely finished my breakfast when I heard the noise of horses on the fine gravel parade in front, and was somewhat astonished to see, not the humble envoy I had sent in the shape of my sirdar-bearer, but two or three individuals, accompanied by a retinue of native sowars, with drawn swords, prancing steeds, and other showy indications of Oriental military display. These individuals proved to be his Highness the Maharajah's—or as he, for obvious reasons, prefers to be called, the *Peishwah's*—moonshie, Prang Doss-Tewarrie; the treasurer, Baba Butt; and another old Mahrajah distinguished personage, whose appearance I well remember, but whose name I quite forget. I was then informed by the moonshie, Prang Doss-Tewarrie, that his Highness was delighted to receive me with cordiality and welcome, and that he had sent them formally to request my presence at his palace (the Castle which is spoken of as having been burnt down by Havelock's glorious band of heroic spirits) in the evening, when the sun had rendered it cool and pleasant for Europeans, and indeed natives, to *Our kana*—i.e., “To eat the air.” After some conversation, interspersed with most flowery and high-flown, and no doubt equally empty, compliments to my nation and countrymen in general, and my humble self in particular, my guides left me, and I amused myself in looking over the house and grounds.

The former is very large, and the rooms spacious and handsome; the walls are covered with stiff old-looking pictures of former Peishwahs, and amongst them the old gentleman is ably captured by Sir John Malcolm, and the man who was the first exiled chief located at Bhitoor. I must not omit to state that a kitchener and his wife reported themselves to be during the day, and that a *chudam*—i.e., a *chudam*—for dinner was as his Highness's wish, as I might be supposed until late late to travel back to Cawnpore that night, that I should sleep in the Commissioner's house. And as the sun was going down, we were in an elephant, expressed in the usual orderly and semi-shabby-magnificent style, surrounded by a household of towering height; and upon this huge animal, myself and my wife were perched, and escorted by a guard of sowars in front and rear. We were marshalled through chambered bazars and native streets to the stronghold of this potentate. I was asked into the august presence of the *zoi-disant* Peishwah, and found him seated upon a cushion raised somewhat in the form of a throne of state, he (the magna's) sitting as a tailor is supposed to sit. He immediately shook me cordially by the hand; and I must not omit to state that, being myself a Bahadur—that is, of the rank of one who wears a sword—I was not required to remove my shoes in going into his presence. He, through his moonshie, asked me many questions about the Queen, the nobility of England, particularly mentioning and asking after Lord Ellenborough (Burra Bahadur Burra Lord Sahib), for whom—whether he knew him or not—he seemed to have a great respect and veneration. Whether this was assumed or not, I cannot say. He then asked me many questions about the Hon. East India Company, and appeared exhaustless in his queries about the Board of Control. These lasted about half-an-hour, and he then requested that I would make myself at home in his house, and remain as long as I pleased. He himself supplied me with a staff of servants, and furnished my *baggage*—living and baggage—daily. He was when I saw him about twenty-eight years of age—he looked, however, at least forty. His figure is very tall—in the very expression made use of by his own moonshie, was that “His Highness was a right man” (*Prang admer*). His face is round, his eyes very wild, brilliant, and restless; his complexion, as is the case with most native gentlemen, is severely darker than a dark Spaniard; and his expression is the work of a wild, uneducated, and unreflexing character. During the time I was occupied in making my salaam to the Maharajah, my wife was introduced to the *zunnah*. She thus describes her visit—of course this lady of noble was closed to my profane eyes:—“I was ushered into a room in the most retired wing of the Castle, through a series of doors, each door being closed and locked immediately on my passage through it. I arrived at last before a large and handsome quilted crimson silk curtain (*piadah*), which being drawn aside, I entered a large room, the door of which was covered with beautifully white muslin, drawn tight, and fastened at the four corners of the room. I was informed that this “*sanctum sanctorum*” was the abode of a personage named his Highness's wife, and that, whether she introduced me, or not, she commenced a conversation with the apparently timid inmates of the *zunnah*. The walls of the room were one mass of mirrors from the ceiling to the ground. The only furniture in the apartment were three Barlowe couches, on one of which sat a child of about seven years old, dressed in yellow gauze, the whole of whose breast was covered with pearls, to the amount of three *laes* of rupees; the feet were long, the ankles were adorned with large and heavy *bangles* (rings of gold), each worth about 5000 rupees; the arms also were covered with the same description of ornaments of different sizes, extending from the wrist to the elbow. This young lady was very shy, hung down her head, and seemed much abashed at the formidable apparition of an European lady of the nineteenth century. She was repeatedly urged to speak to me by her companions, who said, ‘Speak to the English lady.’ At last she mustered up the courage to say, ‘Ap kha misogastehy meenah-shib?’—‘Is your constitution in good order?’ literally, equivalent, in fact, to our ‘How do you do?’ This was said with her head turned and eyes averted, in the manner of the modest and timid school girl. The other two inmates of the *zunnah*, or *harem*, were a girl of about thirteen years of age, and one about seventeen—dressed in similar style, and ornamented with similar jewellery. Such a liberal display of precious stones—at least on these limbs—failed to produce anything splendid in effect, none of the wearers being good looking, even for native women; the eldest, indeed, was repulsive and ugly, with long yellow teeth. This lady, who appeared to be the spokeswoman of the party, and particularly amiable and affable, asked me my age, and in return told me hers. “I was offered by all these young ladies sweetmeats, &c. They asked me numerous questions about England; amongst others, ‘Whether the ladies and princes' wives (*begums*) were kept behind a *piadah*—secluded—as they were?’ and on my telling them that they went about with their faces perfectly visible in public, they seemed much astonished, but said it was “*Bat admer*,” “Very good,” and seemed to imagine this would suit them very well, although I must say that three plainer faces, I should imagine, never were secluded behind a *piadah*. Poor things, I pitied them; and after a little more conversation, under difficulties, I made my parting salaam, and shaking hands with all round, I retired. They expressed afterwards the pleasure they derived from the interview, and the moonshie (Prang Doss-Tewarrie) often spoke of their having repeatedly inquired for me since. The two elder of the ladies, I was told, were married (*sawdi*) to nephews of the late Peishwah, but had no family. They said indeed to me, “Humeerah kach kouch baba may hy?”—i.e., “We have no children.” This seemed to distress the elder lady much, as she appeared, and expressed herself to be, very fond of children. The most astonishing thing was, that the child of seven years old had been betrothed for some time, I was informed, to a grand-nephew of the late Peishwah, and incredible as it may seem to European ears, was to be formally married to him almost immediately.

Thus ended my wife's interview and mine; which, though a very cordial and clamorous audience, was withal a somewhat stupid one. After it was over, we mounted an elephant and went to our new residence, which for one month I found very comfortable. The Rajah Nena Sahib made his appearance about breakfast-time, and usually brought some handsome flowers or valuable fruit, and his emissaries besieged me daily with a long account of the wrongs he had experienced at the hands of the British Government, by their having stopped the pension granted to former Peishwahs on the demise of the late one, his reputed father, he being the adopted son. This kind of life continued for one month, at the end of which time I returned to Cawnpore. I did not see the *zoi-disant* Peishwah again, but he sent a gharry and an escort to bring me from Cawnpore to Bhitoor, at twelve o'clock on the last night I staid in Cawnpore, which was about the end of January, 1854.

#### IRELAND.

THE BELFAST DISTURBANCES.—Mr. Hanna and his adoring disciples had on their first day on Sunday, but thanks to the precautions of the authorities, no mischief enacted. Disturbing on his “constitutional right,” Mr. Hanna made an attempt to preach on a waste piece of ground near the Prince's Dock. His congregation was very large. The Mayor and several other gentlemen remonstrated with him, but in vain; and the police were then directed to clear the ground. This order was quickly carried out. Mr. Hanna then, taking his stand in a closed yard, renewed his discourse, which was chiefly directed to the subject of magisterial interference. The Rev. Gentleman's auditory was in dispersed in the open air, but the day passed away in quiet.—The Irish journals state that the “*proclamation*” of Belfast “has caused no small amount of sensation” there, and “a feeling of shame and sorrow.” The search for arms has begun. The police were informed that the possessors of arms were sending them into the country, packing them, burying them wrapped in well-oiled flannel, and returning them to the shops whence they were hired. The Commission sits daily. Portions of five regiments—the 3d Dragoons, 24th Foot, 49th, 65th, and 68th, were sent by the Governor out in aid of the civil power.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.—The “*Dublin Nation*” contributes the following remarks to the amusement of the English public:—“Sweeter than the voice of love is the news of English discomfiture in battle to the hearts of the Irish people. There is not a vessel of England which is wrecked, there is not a general of his who is slain, there is not a battalion in her service which is routed and overthrown, that the people of Ireland do not go out over with the greatest satisfaction and delight. Wherever England draws the sword or lights the match, Ireland prays for her defeat.” The writer has evidently not been out of town this season; his poor head is overworked.

MILITIA RIOTS IN LIMERICK.—A newly-embodied regiment of militia, while passing through George's Street, Limerick, to their barracks in Bohernabreena on Saturday night, conducted themselves in so outrageous a manner, that the authorities were obliged to interfere. This necessary interference led to a riotous disturbance. More than half of the militia entered barracks in a drunken state. The “*meddling*” of the police having been only despatched there, it was resolved to have seven or eight of the militia, the police station in Bohernabreena, and, on self-protection on the police party, consisting of a few of several regiments, and turn out with fixed bayonets. Meanwhile, the infuriated mob, led by the head of the constabulary, in William Street, the available force was called to arms, and proceeded to the rescue of their comrades. The police of these reinforcements had the effect of despatching the militiamen.

AN IRISH VERDICT.—The “*Drogheda Conservative*” reports an irregular and a body of a baby whose birth had been concealed, at which the following verdict was returned:—“We find that Rose Mervyn, mother of the infant, is guilty, not guilty, but perfectly free from any blame whatever; and we further add, that she was justified in burying her offspring, dead born, even in a cess-pool, dung-heap, or sink, or where it suited her convenience.” A more reasonable inquiry has resulted in a warrant for the apprehension of the girl.

#### SCOTLAND.

THE HARVEST IN SCOTLAND.—A most opportune change of weather supported from Scotland, so that the crops were likely to be secured without material damage. The nights even had been dry and warm, and cutting and gathering had been going forward night and day, but is being used in the house.

#### THE PROVINCES.

PATRIOTISM IN SHEFFIELD.—Two gentlemen of Sheffield, members of the Town Council, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Broadbent, have offered to raise 500 men in the town within a month to serve in the city, paying themselves the primary expenses, and handing the men over to the Government without any cost whatever. Lord Palmerston, thanking them on behalf of himself and colleagues for their zeal and public spirit, has accepted the offer. The Government, however, will pay the expenses usual on such occasions—that is, 12 pence a man and a free kit.

PREPARATION AGAINST CHOLERA.—The cholera epidemic having recently appeared on the other side of the German Ocean, the Mayor and Corporation of Hull have taken efficient steps for supplying prompt medical and sanitary attention to any case that might possibly be imported, and have also strenuously adopted sanitary precautions likely to prevent any outbreak there.

THE MORMONS IN EXETER.—A Mormon “Elder” has been preaching in the open air at Exeter; but on Sunday week he was rebuffed, had to run for it, and, becoming alarmed, a night refuge in the station-house. On the following day, the police superintendent obtained permission to bring him before the magistrates if he should renew his preachings.

BARING BURGLARY AND OUTRAGE.—The premises of Mr. Matthews, Terry's Green, Earl's Wood, Warwickshire, were entered lately, by a party of five or six men, wearing masks. A nephew of Mr. Matthews was rendered senseless by a blow on the head by one of the ruffians, whilst another held a revolver to his wife's head. Proceeding to the bedroom of Mr. Matthews, they opened his money, and one of the gang aimed a murderous blow at his skull, which, but for a pillow he held in his hand, would probably have proved fatal. They then thoroughly ransacked the house, taking away property to the amount of £200, chiefly in jewellery and cash. A dispute having arisen among the ruffians concerning the division of the spoil, one of them coolly returned and demanded of Mrs. Matthews the exact amount contained in her purse when given up.

FOUR COLLIDERS IN A LANE.—A large mass of the brickwork from a wall in Bradford Road, Manchester, gave way on Friday week, and, falling into the bottom of the street, buried alive four men. It was supposed three or four days would elapse before the bodies could be recovered.

THE MURDER IN SHREWSBURY.—The inquest on the body of the young Morgan, who was killed near Wenlock, in Shropshire, by a William Davies, was held at Much Wenlock, on Wednesday week, when a verdict of “*Wilful murder*” was returned against Davies, who the same day was committed by the magistrates to that charge.

SEIZURE OF CORPORATION EVIDENCE FOR DOUBLE INCOME TAX.—The 14th letters of income tax at North Shields, acting under the order of the authorities at Somerset House, have seized the books and vouchers belonging to the Corporation of Tyne and Wear for their share of a re-assessment of amounts to assess up a defalcation of £17,000 by a collector named Beggs. The Corporation have given notice that they intend to try the question in a court of law.

FIVE MEN DROWNED.—Five men left Lytham at four o'clock on Sunday for the purpose of returning to Preston, by boat. They were seen entering the tub, but nothing was known of them until the boat was found ashore on the banks of the river, two miles from Lytham. The body of one man was near the other bodies were missing.

THE LATE CROWN PROSECUTION AT LIVERPOOL.—Cases of brutal treatment at sea have become so numerous, that to the Liverpool hospitals alone a hundred sufferers have been furnished from the vessels arriving at that port. The Board of Trade, which is now a sort of public protector to the merchant marine, having an opportunity of reviewing these cases, thought fit in that of Captain Rogers and the *James Miles* and Seymour to take it up with the view of securing ample justice; and the President, Lord Stanley, requested Mr. Hamlyn, the solicitor of her Majesty's Customs, to undertake the conduct of it. That gentleman was deputed to act as solicitor to the Treasury in this case, and he conducted it in person at Liverpool with the results which are so well known.

SACRILEGE.—William Williams and John Hood (the latter a negro), broke into the church of St. John the Evangelist, Durham Down, near Bristol. They plundered the poor-box, and all the goods, cassocks, and surplices of the minister, and masters and bacillars' heads, the communion linen and altar cloths, collecting plates, &c., were packed in sacks for removal. At this juncture Williams was found secreted under the seat of the churchwarden's pew. Picklocks and skeleton keys were found on him, and about his body was wound a rope ladder. Hood was afterwards found secreted among some laurel trees. The thieves had to get themselves with two bottles and a half of the sacramental wine, and having, like Lady Macbeth, made themselves bold, they cut up the registers of marriages (happily, not so badly but that all will be able to be rejoined), and on the back of one of them wrote the following impudent epistle:—“This is a parish that has broken in here; God forgive them, but where is your money gone too? Sined by two housebreakers.” They have been committed for trial.

MURDER IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—A boy named Atkinson was deposed from Nottingham on Thursday week by a man who was seen in the company of gypsies. On Saturday morning, he was found at a place called Hyson Green, near Nottingham. He had been barbarously murdered, and a cord with which he had been strangled was found fastened round his neck. His body had been taken away. From the appearance of the spot where the body was found, it was evident that the murder had not been done without a struggle. The poor boy, who was respectfully connected, was only eight years of age.

BOILER EXPLOSION IN A FARMYARD.—A steam-thrashing machine was at work at a farm in Metham, near Howden, Yorkshire, when the boiler burst. The engineer was killed on the spot, and three other men were very severely scalded and bruised. Hot cinders were sent flying in all directions, and five corn sacks and some straw sacks were thus entirely destroyed. The damage has been estimated at £500.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT MANCHESTER.—A boiler burst at the Bradford Iron-works, Manchester, on Friday. A boy and two men (one of them the engine-driver) were mortally injured, and soon after expired.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT A COLLIERY.—On Sunday one of the boilers of the Trinidad Grange Colliery exploded, with great injury to surrounding property. Also two men were killed.

EMBEZZLEMENT BY THE AGENT OF A BANKING COMPANY.—Mr. Thomas Wright, agent of the Stamford, Spalding and Boston Bank, at Wainfleet, has been committed for trial for embezzling a sum exceeding £3,000. Mr. Wright held the office which he has now with his liberty forfeited, for above twenty-four years; and at the last audit, in September, 1855, his accounts were found to be perfectly correct.

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.—Mr. John Walker, an American, has landed that he cannot stab Niggers in this country with impunity. Henry Watson and another coloured man were walking the streets of Newport in Monmouthshire like any other human beings; thus greatly scandalised the Yankee and his friends—no doubt “*fine and enlightened*” like himself. The Niggers were indignantly asked how they dared to walk on the same pavement with white people, and a scuffle ensued, commenced by the whites; in the middle of it, Walker stabbed Watson in the side. The Newport Magistrate has committed him to trial.

BANK OF ENGLAND MEETING.—At the usual half-yearly general court of proprietors of the Bank of England, held on Thursday week, the Governor stated that the net profits of the half-year ending the 31st of August last were £275,000, making the amount of the rest on that day £3,840,625 16s. 3d.; and after providing for a dividend at the rate of 5½ per cent. for the half-year, the rest was £3,010,210 16s. 3d. The court of directors therefore propose that a half-yearly dividend of 5½ per cent. should be made on the 10th of October of £5,108,000 per cent., without any deduction on account of income-tax.

GREAT LOSS OF PROPERTY BY FIRE.—During Saturday morning last several fires occurred in the metropolitan district; one in particular was attended with great loss. It happened in the premises of Messrs. Yeates and Co. The damage has been estimated at £5,000.



**TURKISH POLITICS AND INTRIGUES.**—A correspondent of the "Times" at Constantinople, gives us this pretty picture of political life in Turkey:—"Another change has just taken place in the Sultan's Ministry, and astonished every one here much more than the fall of Ruscisch. Fetih-Achmet Pacha, Grand Master of the Artillery, and brother-in-law to the Sultan, has been superseded. Fetih-Achmet was not merely Grand Master of the Artillery but he has played an important part in all the political intrigues of Constantinople for the last thirty years. Sensual and depraved in the extreme, he has habitually passed the worst passions of the Sultan and indulged him in the most degrading vices. Night after night the Imperial eunuch would be seen quietly sliding down the waters of the Bosphorus and the Sultan at the little Kiosk of Topkapie where Fetih-Achmet was waiting to receive him. Here the two used to spend their evenings, and wild orgies have taken place in that little Kiosk I will not even say. When the Sultan was elated with wine, and became exuberant and confiding, he had nothing to reserve to his favourite. Fetih-Achmet would then, in a moment when suited his own selfish purposes, thwart the intentions of all the Ministers combined. He has made and unmade more Ministers than all the Ministers combined. He belongs to no party and has no friends, though his dependents are numerous. He did not require friends; he was a rarity in himself. He governed the Sultan; he was therefore dreaded and flattered by every successive Minister. For more than ten years he has been Director of the Artillery; he was, of course, to a higher office. He might have been Grand Vizier, but he always refused. A shrewd man, he felt that in a conspicuous place he would lose the advantage of his secret but powerful influence." Again, we read—"The people will not be content to see the wealth and resources of their country squandered by the improvident and incapable Ministers. The extravagant expenditure of the Sultan and his women, and the endless palaces he is every day building, are becoming common themes of discussion in all the taverns. Only two days ago, in the sacred suburb of Eyoub, the City of the Tombs, the side of the most fatal Murders, the best place in Stambul where one would expect to hear sedition in language, a white-turbaned Turk, in the middle of a large group, asked whether it was true that the Kings of England had not built themselves a new palace for upwards of two hundred years. 'Why,' said he, 'our Padishahs build themselves one every year. How can a country be rich when its wealth is heedlessly squandered? You are wise and do not let your kings do as they like. With all the religious prestige which surrounds the Imperial person, such opinion need not gain much ground among the people to become serious.'"





BAGDAD, FROM THE TIGRIS.

## TELEGRAPHS TO INDIA.

LAST week we described the route of the proposed telegraph to India along the valley of the Euphrates, up to that point where the line was to

Bagdad occupies both banks of the Tigris, the two portions of the city being connected together by a bridge of boats. It is, including its gardens and plantations of date trees, about five miles in circumference, and is en-

dine old structures of the days of the good Haroun-al-Raschid still existing, one being the tomb of the wife of the world-renowned Caliph—the famous Zobeide of the “Thousand and One Nights.” The celebrated College of Bagdad is now the Custom-house. The city contains about 100 mosques, and a citadel of no great strength, which, standing on the eastern bank of the Tigris, commands the passage of that river. The bazaars are large, and abound with merchandise. Bagdad, indeed, was long the great emporium of all the surrounding countries, but its commerce has declined since Persia has received goods by way of Trebizond, and direct from India and the Persian Gulf.

The population of Bagdad is exceedingly mixed; and the very distinctive dresses of each people clearly indicate the component parts of the population. The Osmanli Turks scarcely ever wear at Bagdad the embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, and close cap so common in the neighbourhood of the capital: the civil dress prevails—the long loose gowns of cotton, muslin, or silk, with wide shapeless cloaks of broadcloth or shalloon; while the red cap, with its blue tassel, instead of fitting close to the head, hangs loosely backward, and is wound about with white muslin, flowered with gold. Christians dress much in the same manner. They are not, as in many other towns, restricted from light colours in their dress, or from wearing yellow slippers; but they are expected to abstain altogether from green colours and from white turbans. The Jews are generally distinguished by having their red caps fitting close to the head, with only a yellow handkerchief tied around them. As the religious are not distinguished in the same manner in other Turkish towns, it is worth while to mention this. The Arabs form a very important part of the resident population, besides a large number from the desert as occasional sojourners. They are distinguished chiefly by their head dress, which consists of a coarse shawl of silk and cotton, with wide stripes of red and yellow; this is folded triangularly, and laid upon the head, around which a thick roller of brown worsted is then passed. The ends of the shawl cover the neck and shoulders; and as it is also furnished with a fringe of knotted strings which hang down the back, it helps to give a wild appearance to the Arab countenance. They are also distinguished by their wide sleeveless cloaks, which are wholly black, or white with a wide stripe of blue, brown, or red. This cloak (*abba*) is made of hair and wool, and when confined at the waist by a leathern belt, it generally, with a coarse shirt underneath, forms the entire dress of an Arab. His turban also distinguishes the Koord: it is frequently of silk, with stripes of blue, red, and white; and its fringe of knotted strings, though not so long as in the Arab turban, which is also differently worn, excellently sets off the bold, grave, and strongly-marked countenance of the pure Koord. Then there are, in considerable numbers, the active and animated subjects of the Persian king, in their curly, black, and conical caps, high-heeled slippers, and gowns of green or blue, which are distinguished from those of other Eastern people by their tightness in the body and the sleeves. Such are the figures which on horseback or on foot appear in the streets of Bagdad, or sit smoking by the way-side.

The only women in Bagdad who exhibit any part of the face in the streets are the Arab females. Their dress consists in general of an exceedingly wide chemise of red or blue cotton, to which in winter is added one of the same cloaks that are worn by the men. They seldom wear shoes, and never stockings; but about the head they wear a mass of black cotton or silk stuff, which is rather gracefully disposed. It is brought round so as to cover the neck and throat and the lower part of the face. This



PEOPLE OF BAGDAD.

diverge to the famous Eastern city of Bagdad, situated on the river Tigris, and now resume our illustrations and descriptions of places along the route till we come to Bussorah, on the Persian Gulf.

closed by a brick and earthen wall, flanked with large towers. As in the rule in Eastern cities, the streets are narrow and irregularly built, and the houses are for the most part mean in character. Nevertheless, there are some



BAGDAD: VIEW INSIDE THE CITY.





BUSSORAH, ON THE PERSIAN GULF.

...ness is often profusely ornamented with beads, shells, and current and ancient coins. They are also fond of wearing anklets and bracelets of silver, which are generally more than an inch in diameter, and suggest the idea of shackles rather than ornaments. But their most whimsical decoration is a horn on one side of the nose, which is bored for the purpose: it

consists of a gold or gilt button, about the size of a halfpenny, in the centre of which a small turquoise stone or a blue bead is inserted. Their faces, arms, and other parts of their bodies are also decorated with stars, flowers, and other figures, stained on the skin with a blue colour, and the effect of which is exceedingly displeasing to a European eye. The Turkish and

other women so muffle themselves up when they go out, as to appear the most shapeless masses imaginable. They are enveloped in large sheets of checked blue linen, which cover them from head to foot. These sheets are sometimes of crimson silk, striped with white. Their legs are enclosed in formidable jack-boots of yellow leather, and their faces are covered with



RETURN FROM A BEAR-HUNT IN THE TYROL.











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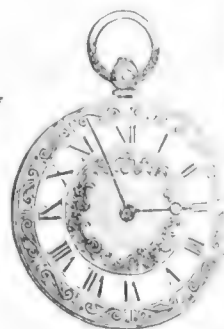
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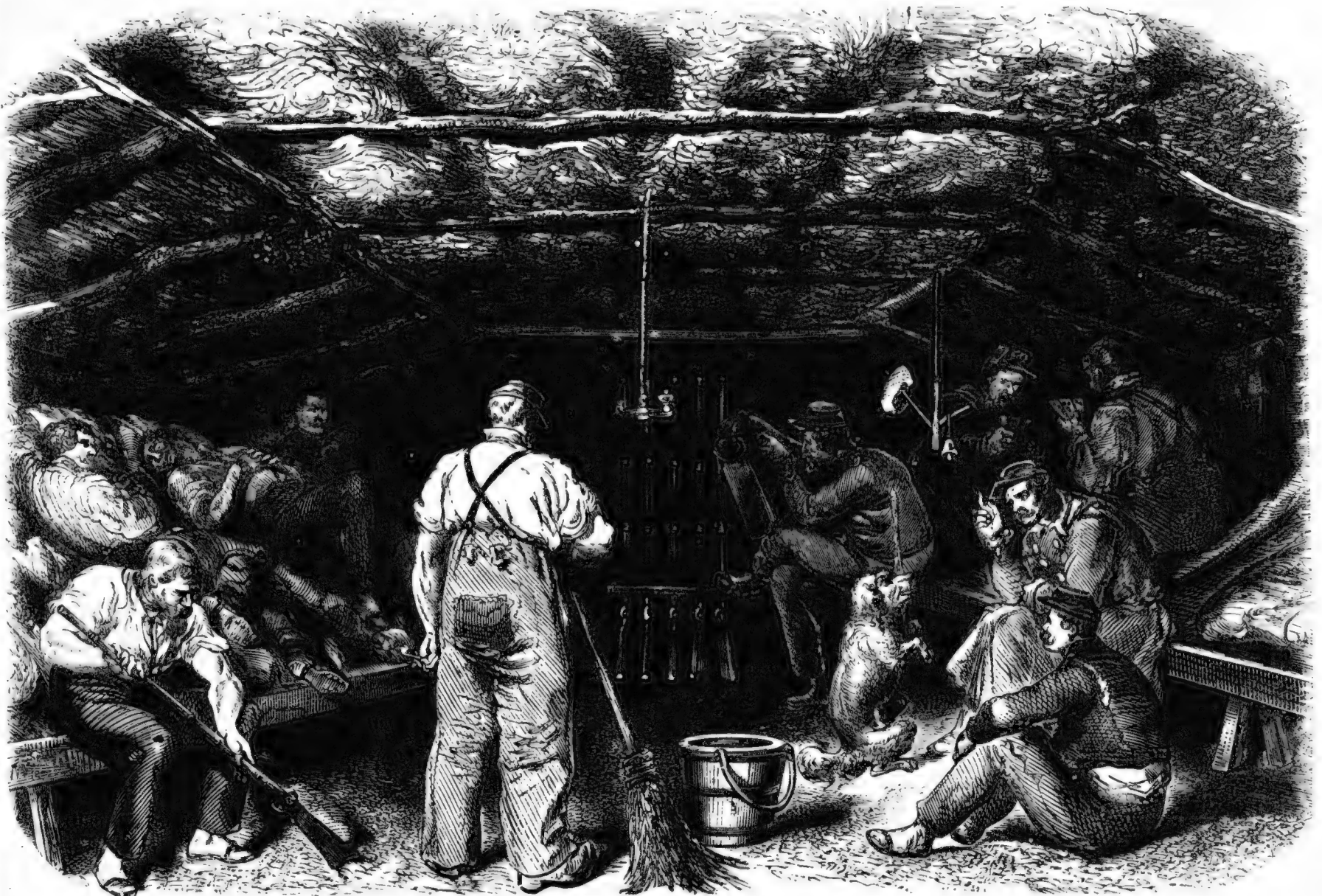








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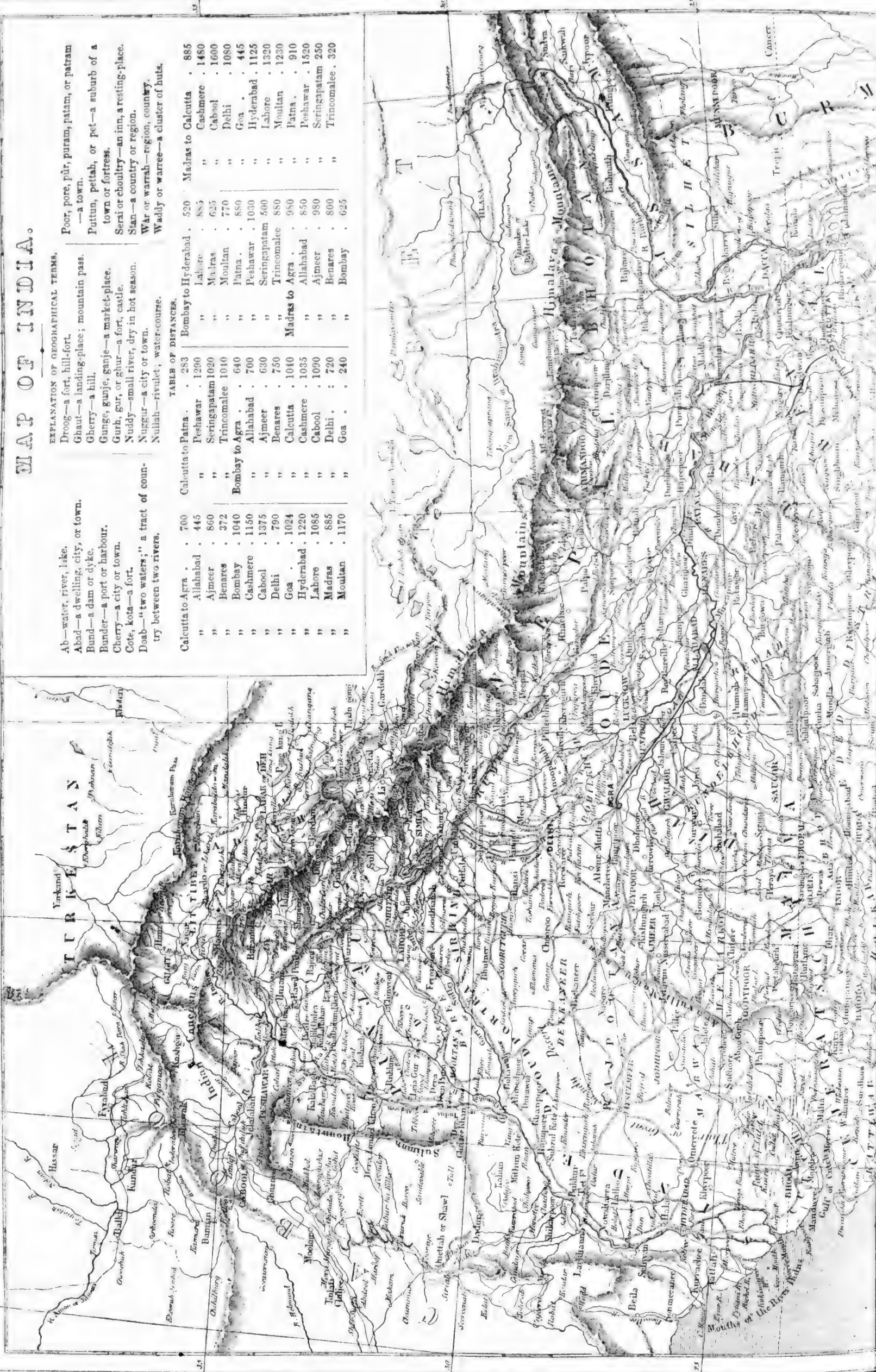
### EXPLANATION OF GEOGRAPHICAL TERMS.

Ab—water, river, lake.  
 Abad—a dwelling, city, or town.  
 Bund—a dam or dyke.  
 Bunder—a port or harbour.  
 Cherry—a city or town.  
 Cote, kota—a fort.  
 Doab—"two waters;" a tract of  
 dry between two rivers.

Poor, pore, pūr, puram, patam, or patram  
—a town.  
Puttun, pettah, or pet—a suburb of a  
town or fortress.  
Seraī or choultry—an inn, a resting-place.  
Sian—a country or region.  
Wār or warrah—region, country.  
Waddy or warree—a cluster of huts.

## TABLE OF DISTANCES.

Calcutta to Agra .	700	Calcutta to Patna .	283	Bombay to Hyderabad .	520	Madras to Calcutta .	885
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" Ameer .	860	" Srirangapatam 1020		" Madras .	635	" Cabool .	1600
" Benares .	372	" Trincomalee 1040		" Moulton .	770	" Delhi .	1080
" Bombay .	1040	Bombay to Agra .	640	" Patna .	880	" Goa .	445
" Cashmere .	1150	" Allahabad .	700	" Peshawar .	1030	" Hyderabad .	1125
" Cabool .	1375	" Ameer .	630	" Srirangapatam 500		" Lahore .	1320
" Delhi .	790	" Benares .	750	" Trincomalee .	880	" Moulton .	1230
" Goa .	1024	" Calcutta .	1040	Madras to Agra .	950	" Patna .	910
" Hyderabad .	1220	" Cashmere .	1035	" Allahabad .	850	" Peshawar .	1520
" Lahore .	1085	" Cabool .	1090	" Ameer .	980	" Srirangapatam 250	
" Madras .	885	" Delhi .	720	" Benares .	800	" Trincomalee .	320
" Moulton .	1170	" Goa .	240	" Bombay .	625		







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## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS

The Haymarket has had three *débûts*: Mrs. Catherine Sinclairs (Mrs. Edwin Forrest), Mr. Sedley, and Miss Amy Sedgwick. Of the two former we can only speak from hearsay; the lady is reported to possess a certain amount of spirit and personal attraction, but not likely to supplant anybody, new on our stage; and, by all accounts, of the gentleman the least said the soonest. Miss Sedgwick's first appearance I witnessed myself, it cannot be too much to say, the play-going public on a great acquisition. She played Pauline Deschamps admirably, has a fine face and figure, and an exceedingly melodious voice. Mr. Howe took me by surprise; always a painstaking, safe actor, before I saw him he did not realise my notion of Claude Melnotte, and I was astonished at the dash, spirit, and pathos with which he acted it. The characters generally were well sustained.



Sometimes the catch of these boats is very large—ten or twelve thousand herrings at a draught is not uncommon. This year has up to this time been very good. One boat in the North is said to have netted £200 already. But not uncommonly they toil all night long, and take nothing. Last season was a very bad one.







## THE VALE OF TEMPE.

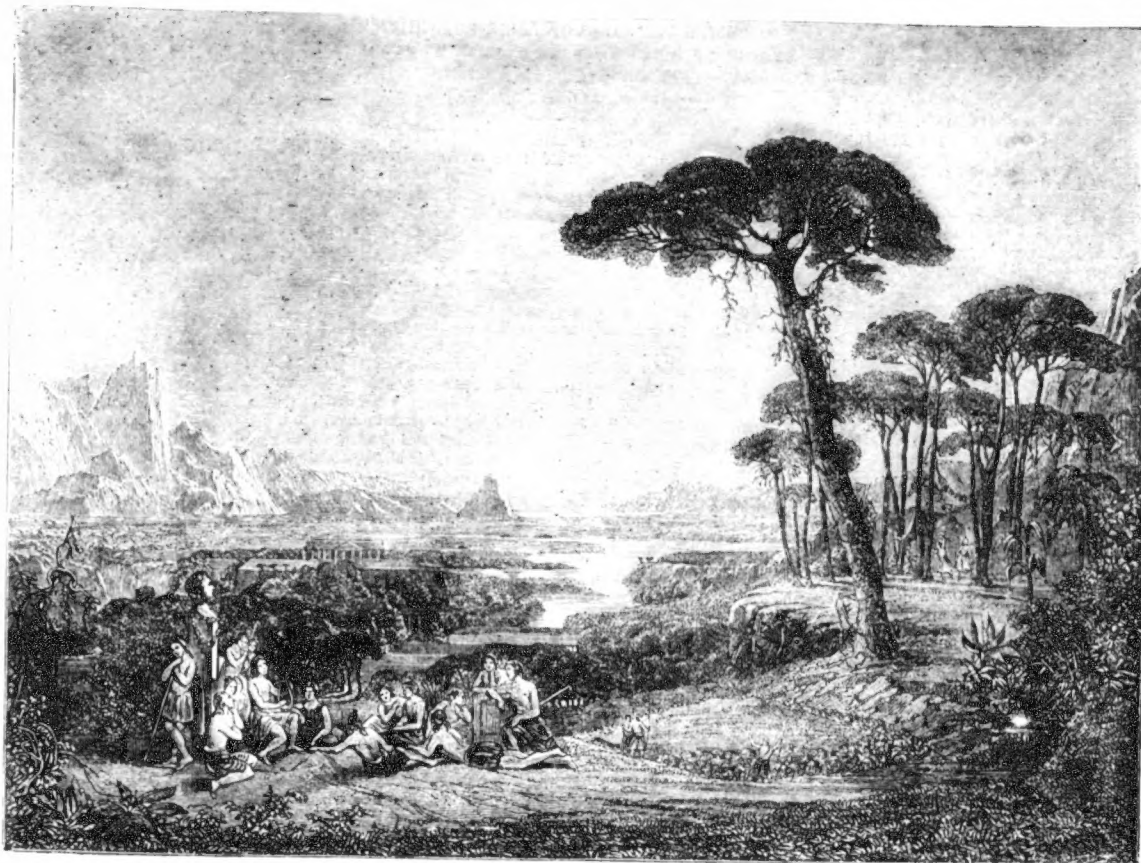
THE Vale of Tempe, like the Vale of Clwyd, like the Val d'Aosta, like Pæstum, and the Bay of Naples, and Lugano, and Mont St. Michel, and the Golden Horn, and the Castle of Ischia, is a subject which every good painter seems to have tried, but in which there exists an honourable emulation for every man to do better than his neighbour. Few artists, however, are so competent to become an expositor of the soft and mellow scenery of this delightful and almost unrivalled spot as is Mr. Francis Danby. The most striking characteristics of the Danbeian style are warmth of colour and solemnity of expression; and though the scene were the most unmistakable moonlight one, the Danbys would contrive to infuse an element of caloric thereto, to give to pale Diana somewhat of the ruddy glow of jovial Phœbus. Again, as regards solemnity—there is surely nothing melancholy in the delicious *tableau* before us; everything is redolent of natural beauty and picturesque fertility, and the emotions it calls forth are as surely more akin to the *Allegro* than to the *Penseroso*; yet in every line of this picture, from the reposing group in the foreground, from the mournful maritime stone-pines nodding their sententious heads in funeral clusters, to the shining stream, and heights that sigh rather than frown in the remote distance, it is impossible to avoid the recognition of the grave, calm, earnest solemnity which pervades the work. As Turner may be styled the Democritus of painting, showing us nature in her most jocund aspects, and making even his storms laugh with rainbow-smiles, so are the Danbys followers of the school of Heraclitus, the mournful philosopher. And who shall say that they are not more faithful to the truth than Turner—that there are not more “vales of tears” in this world than “happy valleys?”

## SCULPTURE IN IVORY.

THE IVORY CUPS IN THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION, MANCHESTER. Of all the materials selected by the sculptor to display his art, none has

ever been more successfully used, and so universally admired, as ivory. Strong and close in its structure, it possesses just the requisite hardness and toughness to enable the dexterous hand to develop the minutest details of ornament with every degree of texture and variety of form; and at the same time its rich half-transparent tone of colour, and beautifully smooth surface, adapt it peculiarly to the sculpture of the human form. The material is so fascinating to the eye, that it seems to tempt the artist to indulge in every luxury of form of which the living figure is alone the

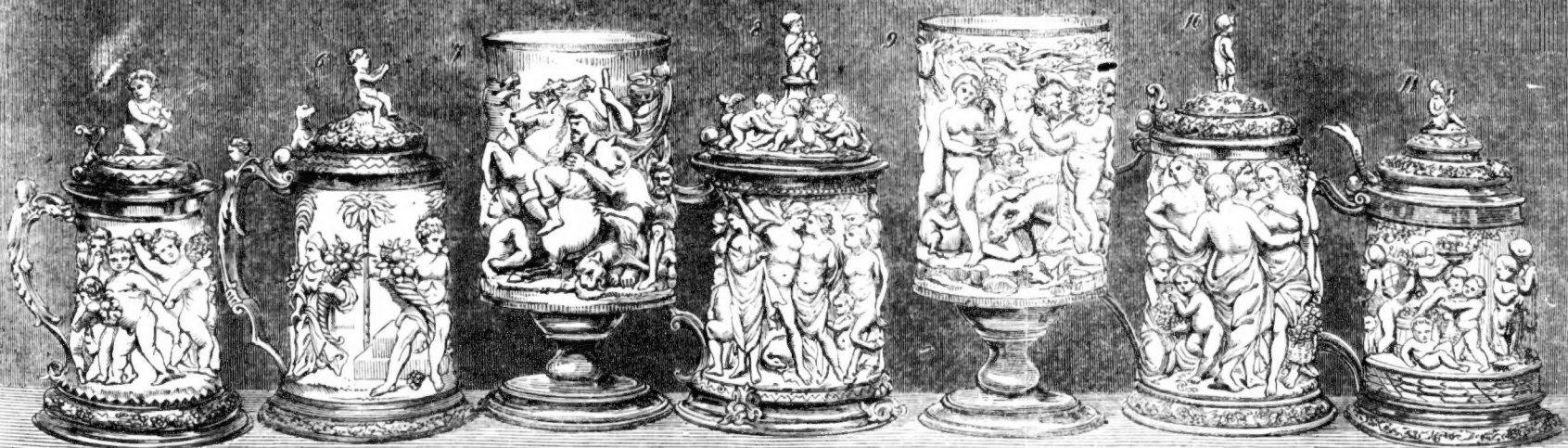
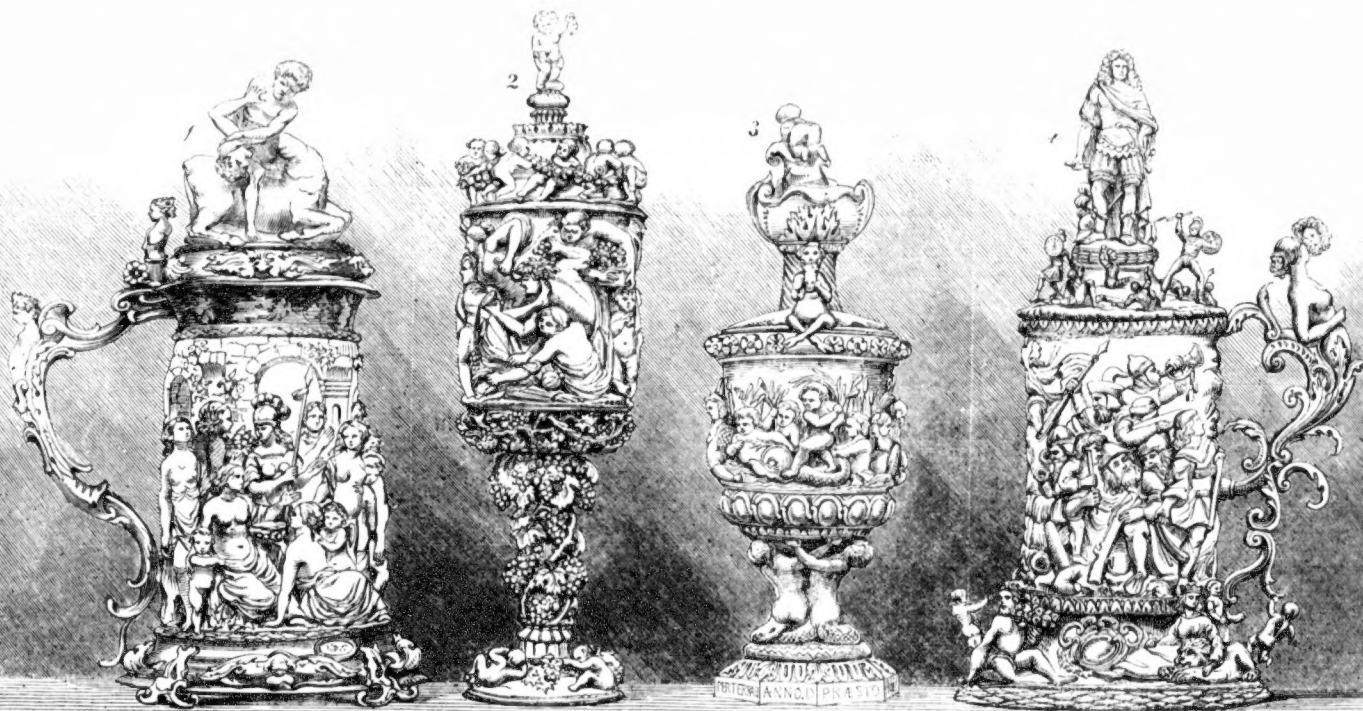
anatic Basilicus. The fragments of Egyptian and Nineveh sculpture in ivory show that very able artists must have preferred this material. In the Mayer collection may be seen several remarkable examples, especially two tigers' heads, and some grotesques of animals, adapted as handles: here also there are some pieces of Roman work, especially two cylindrical reliefs, apparently carved on a bone, and the fragment in ivory of Marcus Aurelius, attributed to A.D. 167, the date of the general sacrificial rites against pestilence and the Marcoman war. But here we must pass by the unique



THE VALE OF TEMPE.—(PAINTED BY FRANCIS DANBY, A.R.A.—IN THE MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.)

full presentment of his ideal. In no works is this so noticeable as in the various noble tankards and cups collected at Manchester; some of which are shown in our engraving, and the details of which we will presently endeavour to describe.

One is apt to forget, in admiring the grand remains of antique art in marble and bronze, that the great men of the golden age of sculpture disdained those materials, and that in fact scarcely one of these works is by the hand of the great masters. From this host of counterfeits we may perhaps exclude the Parthenon marbles in our Museum, due to the genius if not to the hand of Phidias, the sculptor of all time, and the most celebrated carver in ivory that ever lived. Ivory was chosen by Phidias for his masterpieces, the Minerva of the Parthenon, which was thirty-seven feet high, and the Jupiter Olympius, which was a seated statue forty-five feet high. The flesh only was ivory, and formed in pieces laid on the metal substance of the figure, and the drapery, which was of gold. No doubt ivory was in those days more abundant, and the tusks obtained were of a larger size, as it is well known how rapidly the supply has diminished in consequence of the elephant having become extinct throughout the whole of North Africa, along the Sahara, and the shores of the Mediterranean. Unfortunately, but very little remains of antique work in ivory. The works of Phidias, however, are recorded to have lasted still as objects of a pilgrimage in the time of Julian the Apostate; probably they perished in the glorious company of martyrs burned in the Palace of Lausus by the Byzantine



CARVINGS IN IVORY.—(MANCHESTER ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.)







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By order of the Committee of Council on Education

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2.  
BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM BRADDER, WILLIAM HAWKINS BRADDER, and JOHN HAWKINS, of New Bedford, Mass., filed assignments for the benefit of their creditors.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2.  
BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM BRADDER, WILLIAM HANNING BRADDER, and JOHN BRADDER, Street, Boston, Mass.

Plinistow, Essex, plumbers - Samuel Vasilevskis, Lower Market

[illegible]

**BANKRUPTS**—FRANKS & HUGHES, Coleman, Brompton, Tipton draper; WILLIAM ANGLADES, Broad Street, Rotherham, pianoforte; MURPHY JAMES, St. Paul's, Huddersfieldshire, Umbel, Merchant; WILLIAM HARRIS, West Bromwich, day dealer; WILLIAM GIBBS & SONS, carpet manufacturer; ROBERT SEALE, Sheffield, plumber; JAMES PIERCE, Liverpool, licensed auctioneer; MARTIN PRICE, Liverpool, licensed victualler; JAMES SWAN, Dunkinfield, Cheshire, iron manufacturer.

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